The

WORKS

of

SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the fourth:

containing,

All's well, that ends well;
Twelfth-night, or, What you will;
The Winter's Tale;
Macbeth.

LONDON:

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ALL'S WELL,

that

ENDS WELL.

Perſons represented.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Roſillion.
Lafeu, *a humourous old Lord.*
Parolles, *Follower of* Bertram.
Lords, two, } Frenchmen; *Volunteers in*
Gentlemen, two, } *the Duke of* Florence's *Service.*
two Florentine *Soldiers.*
Lords of the French *Court, ſix:*
Gentlemen of the ſame, two.
Lavatch, *a Clown;* } *Domeſticks of*
Page, Steward, Servant, } *Count* Bertram.

Counteſs, Mother to Bertram:
Helena, *her Gentlewoman.*
an old Widow of Florence:
Diana, *Daughter* } *to the Widow.*
Mariana, *Neighbour* }

Lords, and other Attendants, Guards, Officers, Soldiers, &c. French *and* Florentine.

Scene, diſperſ'd; at Roſillion, Paris, Florence, *and* Marſeilles.

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Roſillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*
Enter BERTRAM, Counteſs, HELENA, *and* LAFEU.

Cou. In delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond husband. [*to* Lafeu, *presenting her Son.*

BER. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I muſt attend his majeſty's command; to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

LAF. You ſhall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, ſir, a father: He, that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whose worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than ſlack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Cou. What hope is there of his majeſty's amendment?

LAF. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam: under whose practiſes he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the losing of hope by time.

11 then lack

Cou. This young gentlewoman [*ſhowing* Helena.] had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, madam?

Cou. He was famous, ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately ſpoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Cou. His ſole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my o'er-looking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for her ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Cou. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never ap-

27 for their ſim-

proaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than have it.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Cou. If the living be not enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Cou. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram!* and ſucceed thy father
In manners, as in ſhape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel.—My lord Lafeu,
'Tis an unſeason'd courtier, good my lord,
Advise him you.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

Cou. Heaven bleſs him!—Farewel, *Bertram*. [*Exit.*

Ber. The beſt wiſhes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, [*to* Helena.] be ſervants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady: You muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Bertram, *and* Lafeu.

4 then to have—

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but of *Bertram.*
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt dye for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet these fixt evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Looks bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wisdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monárch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have ſome ſtain of ſoldier in you; let me aſk you a queſtion: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none; man, ſetting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up! — Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the common-wealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I dye a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf; and ſhould be bury'd in highways, out of all ſanctify'd limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a

cheese; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding it's own ſtomack. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhibited ſin in the canon: Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itſelf ten, which is a goodly increaſe; and the principal itſelf not much the worſe: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, ſir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloſs with lying; the longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuted, but unſuteable: juſt like the brooch, and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pye, and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet. You're for the court:
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world

6 itſelfe two, 17 which were not

Of pretty, fond, adoptious chriſtendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he—
I know not what he ſhall: God ſend him well!
The court's a learning place; and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well. 'Tis pity.

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Pag. Monſieur *Parolles*, my lord calls for you.

Par. Little *Helen*, farewel: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under *Mars* I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars?*

Hel. The wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the ſafety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like

the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dyeſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel: When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exeunt* Parolles, *and* Page.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lye,
Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;
Which makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter the King of France, *with Letters;* Lords, *and divers other, attending.*

Kin. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1. *L.* So 'tis reported, ſir.
Kin. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here † receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin *Auſtria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.
1. *L.* His love, and wisdom,
Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.
Kin. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.
2. *L.* It well may ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing, and exploit.
Kin. What's he comes here?
Enter BERTRAM, *with* Lafeu, Parolles,
and Others.
1. *L.* It is the count *Roſillion*, my good lord,
Young *Bertram*.
Kin. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee; Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris*.
BER. My thanks, and duty, are your majeſty's.
Kin. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father, and myſelf, in friendſhip,
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was

Diſcipl'd of the braveſt: he laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me,
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
'Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier: no contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in him, pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd it's hand: who were below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbl'd: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, ſir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So his approof lives not in epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.

Kin. 'Would I were with him! He would always ſay,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear) *Let me not live,* —
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out, — *let me not live,* quoth he,

10 in his pride, 14 obey'd his hand.
24 in approofe lives not his 30 This

After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits; whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions: This he wiſh'd;
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourer room.

2. *L.* You are lov'd, ſir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

Kin. I fill a place, I know't. — How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's dy'd?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet; —
Lend me an arm; — the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications: nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, count;
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majeſty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Roſillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*
Enter Counteſs, *and* Steward; Clown *behind.*

Cou. I will now hear what you ſay of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Cou. What does this knave here? Get you gone, ſirrah:

9 Labourers 25 ſay you

The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow:

Cou. Well, ſir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not ſo well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: But if I may have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Cou. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Cou. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Isbel*'s caſe, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, 'till I have iſſue o' my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Cou. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Cou. Is this all your worſhip's reason?

Clo. 'Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, ſuch as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He, that eares my land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kiſſes my wife, is my friend: If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyſam* the papiſt, howſom'ere their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may jowl horns together like any deer i' the herd.

Cou. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
which men full true ſhall find;
Your marriage comes by deſtiny,
your cuckoo ſings by kind.

Cou. Get you gone, ſir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Ste. May it please you, madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Cou. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would ſpeak with her; *Helen* I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,* [*ſinging.*
why the Grecians *ſacked* Troy?
Fond done, fond done! for Paris, he,
was this king Priam's *joy.*

2 Madam in great 31 done, fond

With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
With that, &c.
and gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among, &c.
there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the ſong: 'Would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe woman, if I were the parſon: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but or every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Cou. You'll be gone, ſir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forſooth; the buſineſs is, for *Helen* to come hither.

[*Exit* Clown.

Cou. Well, now.

Ste. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. 'Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds: there is more owing her, than is pay'd; and more ſhall be pay'd her, than ſhe'll demand.

13 but ore everie

Ste. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe loved your ſon: Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that ſhould not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriz'd in the firſt aſſault, without reſcue, or ranſom afterward: This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Cou. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly; keep it to yourſelf: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor miſdoubt: Pray you, leave me: ſtall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeak with you further anon.

[*Exit* Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Cou. Even ſo it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the ſhow, and ſeal, of nature's truth,
When love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, — O, then we thought them none.

8 that would 11 without reſcue in the firſt aſſault 26 If ever we 32 or then

Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.
Hel. What is your pleaſure, madam?
Cou. You know, *Helen*,
I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.
Cou. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I ſaid, a mother,
Methought, you ſaw a ſerpent: What's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe,
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds:
You ne'er oppreſſ'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?
Hel. "That I am not."
Cou. I ſay, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count *Roſſillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal dye:
He muſt not be my brother.
Cou. Nor I your mother.
Hel. You are my mother, madam,—Would you were,
So that my lord your ſon were not my brother!—

Indeed, my mother: Or, were you both our mothers,
I'd care no more for't than I do for heaven,
So I were not his ſiſter: Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?
Cou. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So ſtrive upon your pulſe: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs: Now I ſee
The myſtery of your loneline[ſ]s, and find
Your ſalt tears' head. Now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo: for, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſly ſhown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they ſpeak it; only ſin,
And helliſh obſtinacy tye thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected: Speak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forſwear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Cou. Do you love my ſon?
Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs!
Cou. Love you my ſon?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Cou. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.

9 lovelineſſe

Hel. Then I confeſs,
Here † on my knee, before high heaven, and you,
That, before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your ſon : —
My friends were poor, but honeſt ; ſo's my love :
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous ſuit ;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him ;
Yet never know, how that desert ſhould be :
I know, I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose ſtill : thus, *Indian* like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun, that looks upon his worſhiper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do : but, if yourſelf,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both herſelf and love ; o then, give pity
To her, whose ſtate is ſuch, that cannot choose
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to lose ;
That ſeeks not to find that, her ſearch implies,
But, riddle like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris ?*

Hel. Madam, I had.

Cou. Wherefóre ?
Tell true.

Hel. I will tell you true; by grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions,
Of rare, and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading,
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For general ſovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfulleſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whose faculties incluſive were
More than they were in note: among'ſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The king is render'd loſt.

Cou. This was your motive
For *Paris*, was it, ſpeak?

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the med'cine, and the king,
Had, from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abſent then.

Cou. But think you, *Helen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſupposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help; How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints,
More than my father's ſkill, which was the greateſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be ſanctify'd
By the luckieſt ſtars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,

By ſuch a day, and hour.

Cou. Doſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Cou. Why, *Helen*, thou ſhalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court; I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing unto thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, *attended; divers young Lords, taking leave for the* Florentine *War;* Bertram, *and* Parolles.

Kin. Farewel, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewel:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1. *L.* 'Tis our hope, ſir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

Kin. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs, he owes the malady
That doth my life beſiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live, or dye, be you the ſons
Of worthy *Frenchmen:* let higher *Italy*
(Those bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy) ſee, that you come

Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

1. *L.* Health, at your bidding, ſerve your majeſty!

Kin. Thoſe girls of *Italy*, take heed of them;
They ſay, our *French* lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.

1. 2. Our hearts receive your warnings.

Kin. Farewel.—Come hither to me,

[*retires to a Couch*; *Attendants leading him.*

1. *L.* O my ſweet lord, that you will ſtay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark—

2. *L.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Moſt admirable: I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind ſtand to't, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. I ſhall ſtay here the fore-horſe to a ſmock,
Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn,
But one to dance with. By heaven, I'll ſteal away.

1. *L.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2. *L.* I am your acceſſary; and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a torture.

1. *L.* Farewel, captain.

2. *L.* Sweet monſieur *Parolles*,—

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours [*measuring Swords with them.*] are kin. Good ſparks and luſtrous, a word, good metals: You ſhall find, in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio*, with his cicatrice, an

26 tortur'd body. 32 his ſicatrice, with

emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword intrench'd it: ſay to him, I live; and obſerve his reports for me.

1. *L.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. *Mars* doat on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.* What will you do? [*to* Bertram.

Ber. Stay, the king,— [*ſeeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gate, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and, though the devil lead the measure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt* Bertram, *and* Parolles.

Enter Lafeu, *haſtily.*

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings!

Kin. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to aſk me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could ſo ſtand up.

Kin. I would, I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, acroſs.
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

Kin. No.

Laf. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have ſeen a medecine,
That's able to breath life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whose ſimple touch
Is powerful to araise king *Pepin*, nay,
And give great *Charlemain* a pen in his hand,
To write to her a love-line.

Kin. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor ſhe: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her, — now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that, in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: Will you ſee her,
(For that is her demand) and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

Kin. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

Kin. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [*entering*] Nay, come your ways.

Re-enter Lafeu, *with* Helena.

Kin. This haſte hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors

8 To give 9 And write

His majeſty ſeldom fears: I am *Creſſid*'s uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
[*Exit* LAFEU. *Attendants retire.*

Kin. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?

HEL. Ay, my good lord. *Gerard de Narbon* was my
In what he did profeſs, well found. [father;

Kin. I knew him.

HEL. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two; more dear I have ſo:
And, hearing your high majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.

Kin. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,—
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated colledge have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her inaidable eſtate,—I ſay, we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empericks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

HEL. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;

Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one, to bear me back again.

Kin. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'ſt to help me; and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wiſh him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.

Kin. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be pay'd:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is bar'd:
It is not ſo with him, that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give conſent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment:
I am not an impoſture, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

18 moſt ſhifts. 29 Impoſtrue,

Kin. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The great'ſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely dye.
Kin. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads, my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; or, worſe to worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.
Kin. Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way:
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs, and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy physick I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I dye.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpity'd let me dye;

7 her ſleepy 17 otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt

And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

Kin. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

Kin. Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance,
To choose from forth the royal blood of *France*;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal; whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

Kin. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As hig has word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rosillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*
Enter Countess, *and* Clown.

Cou. Come on, sir, I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know, my business is but to the court.

Cou. But to the court! Why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt?

5 of helpe.

But to the court?

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Cou. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer, that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin buttock, the quatch buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Cou. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffety punk, as *Tib*'s ruſh for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a pancake for ſhrove-tuesday, a morris for may-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the frier's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Cou. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Cou. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Aſk me, if I am a courtier; it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Cou. To be young again, if we could: — I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiser by your anſwer.

I pray you, ſir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O lord, ſir,—There's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Cou. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, ſir,—Thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Cou. I think, ſir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O lord, ſir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Cou. You were lately whipt, ſir, as I think.

Clo. O lord, ſir,—Spare not me.

Cou. Do you cry, *o lord, ſir*, at your whipping, and *ſpare not me?* Indeed, your *o lord, ſir*, is very ſequent to your whipping; you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life in my *o lord, ſir:* I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Cou. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O lord, ſir,—Why, there't ſerves well again.

Cou. An end, ſir, to your buſineſs: Give *Helen* † this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my ſon;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Cou. Not much employment for you: You underſtand me?

Clo. Moſt fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Cou. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III. Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter LAFEU, BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons, to make modern, and familiar, things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we

make trifles of terrors; enſconcing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts,—

Par. So I ſay; both of *Galen*, and *Paracelſus*.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man aſſur'd of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death.

Par. Juſt, you ſay well; ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in—What do you call there?—

Laf. A ſhewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid; the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: 'fore me, I ſpeak in reſpect—

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven,—

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak—

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence: which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe

to be made, than alone the recovery of the king; as, to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have ſaid it; you ſay well: Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Laf. Luſtigh, as the *Dutchman* ſays: I'll like a maid the better, whilſt I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* is not this *Helen?*

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

Kin. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exeunt ſome Attendants.*

Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter ſeveral Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble batchelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to choose, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs

[*coming from her Seat, and addreſſing herſelf to the Lords.*

Fall, when love please;—marry, to each but one!

Laf. I'd give bay curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

Kin. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

7 Luſtique

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath; through me, reſtor'd the king to health.
Lor. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a ſimple maid; and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid:—
Please it your majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt choose, but be refus'd;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.
Kin. Make choice; and, ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial love, that god moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream.—Sir, will you hear my ſuit?
1. *L.* And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, ſir; all the reſt is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life. [fair eyes,
Hel. The honour, ſir, [*to* 2*d* L.] that flames in your
Before I ſpeak, too threat'ningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!
2. *L.* No better, if you please.
Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great love grant! and ſo I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would ſend them to the *Turk*, to make eunuchs of. [take;
Hel. Be not afraid [*to* 3*d* L.] that I your hand ſhould
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: ſure, they are baſtards of the *Engliſh*; the *French* ne'er got them. [too good.

Hel. You are too young, [*to* 4*th* L.] too happy, and To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4. *L.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

Laf. There's one grape yet.

Par. I am ſure, thy father drunk wine.

Laf. But, if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; [*to* Ber.] but I give Me, and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man. [wife.

Kin. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, ſhe's thy

Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

Kin. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her. [bed.

Kin. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge,
A poor physician's daughter: She my wife?
Diſdain rather corrupt me ever!

Kin. 'Tis
But title thou diſdain'ſt in her; the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Alike of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

30 'Tis onely title

Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty: If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo:
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſy'd honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo;
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In these to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire: Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our fore-goers: the meer word's a ſlave,
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou can'ſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue, and ſhe,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't. [choose.

Kin. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I am glad;
Let the reſt go.

Kin. My honour's at the ſtake; which to defend,
I muſt produce my power: Here, † take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift;

1 ſtands 6 whence ver- 30 to defeate

That doſt in vile miſprision ſhackle up
My love, and her desert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good:
Believe not thy diſdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims:
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſs lapſe,
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge, and hate,
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes: When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praised of the king; who, ſo ennobl'd,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

Kin. Take her by the hand;
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not to thy eſtate,
A balance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract: whose ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,

Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, *and Att.*

LAF. Do you hear, monſieur? a word with you.

PAR. Your pleaſure, ſir?

LAF. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

PAR. Recantation? My lord? my maſter?

LAF. Ay; Is it not a language, I ſpeak?

PAR. A moſt harſh one; and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

LAF. Are you companion to the count *Roſſillion?*

PAR. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

LAF. To what is count's man; count's maſter is of another ſtile.

PAR. You are too old, ſir; let it ſatiſfy you; you are too old.

LAF. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

PAR. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

LAF. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

PAR. Had'ſt thou not the priviledge of antiquity upon thee, —

LAF, Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if — Lord have mercy on

thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf, and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may ſay, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit* Lafeu.

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord. Well, I muſt be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord: I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your lordſhip to make ſome reservation of your wrongs: He is my good

lord; he, whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, ſir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o'this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee: I think, thou waſt created for men to breath themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, ſir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with lords, and honourable perſonages, than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit* Lafeu.

Par. Good, very good; it is ſo then: Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I have ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have marry'd me: —
I'll to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars! [pórt is,

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the im-
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy,
He wears his honour in a box unſeen, [to the wars!
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery ſteed: To other regions!
France is a ſtable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It ſhall be ſo; I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durſt not ſpeak: his present gift
Shall furniſh me to those *Italian* fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike: War is no ſtrife,
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away; To-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow. [hard;

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis
A young man, marry'd, is a man that's mar'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, huſh! 'tis ſo. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter Helena, *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; Is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet ſhe has her health: ſhe's very merry; but yet ſhe is not well: but, thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that

ſhe's not very well? [things.

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heaven, Whither God ſend her quickly! the other, that ſhe's in earth, From whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, ſir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and, to keep them on, have them ſtill. — O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, ſir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, ſir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, ſir; or were you taught to find me? The ſearch, ſir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed. —
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off on a compell'd reſtraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets;
Which they diſtill now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'the king,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing
I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, ſirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Lafeu, *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſin'd againſt his experience, and tranſgreſſ'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things ſhall be done, ſir. [*to* Ber.

Laf. I pray you, ſir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: ay, ſir; he, ſir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. "Is ſhe gone to the king?"

Par. "She is."

Ber. "Will ſhe away to-night?"

Par. "As you'll have her."

Ber. "I have writ my letters, caſketed my treasure,"
"Given order for our horſes; and to-night,"
"When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride,—"
"And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to paſs a thousand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God ſave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my lord and you, monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's diſpleasure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is his cloaths: truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewel, monſieur: I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand; but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit* Lafeu.

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, ſir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettl'd: This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home;
And rather muſe, than aſk, why I entreat you:
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than ſhews itſelf, at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This † to my mother:

'Twill be two days, ere I ſhall ſee you; ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant:
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great: Farewel; hye home.
Hel. Pray, ſir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have? [deed:
Hel. Something; and ſcarce ſo much: nothing, in-
I would not tell you what I would: 'Faith, yes;
Strangers, and foes, do ſunder, and not kiſs.
Ber. I pray you, ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.
Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monſieur? — Farewel.
[*Exit* Helena.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum: —
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

20 would my Lord: Faith 24 v. *Note.*

SCENE I. Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace. Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of* Florence, *attended; two* French *Lords, and Others.*

Duk. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war;
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.
1. *L.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; but black and fearful
On the opposer's.
Duk. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin *France*
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.
1. *L.* Good my lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable notion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; ſince I have found
Myſelf in my incertain grounds to fail,
As often as I gueſſ'd.
Duk. Be it his pleaſure.
2. *L.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will, day by day,
Come here for phyſick.
Duk. Welcome ſhall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle: You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Exeunt.*

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19 motion 24 our nature

SCENE II. Roſillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*
Enter Counteſs, *and* Clown.

Cou. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Cou. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend the ruff, and ſing; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing: I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Cou. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*opening the Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Iſbel*, ſince I was at court: our old ling, and our *Iſbels*, o'the country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Iſbels* o' the court: the brains of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomack.

Cou. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit* Clown.

Cou. [*reads.*] *I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the king, and undone me: I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the* not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come: if there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate ſon, Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridl'd boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprising of a maid too virtuous

12 hold a 21 In that

For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Cou. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Cou. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Helena, *and two* Gentlemen.

2. *G.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

1. *G.* Do not ſay ſo.

Cou. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt ſo many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't,—where is my ſon, I pray you?

1. *G.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the duke of *Florence:*
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam, here's † my paſſport.

[*reads.*] *When thou can'ſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a* then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Cou. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
1. *G.* Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.
Cou. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs are thine,
Thou rob'ſt me of a moiety: He was my ſon;
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards *Florence* is he?
1. *G.* Ay, madam.
Cou. And to be a ſoldier?
1. *G.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Cou. Return you thither?
2. *G.* Ay, madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.
Hel. [*reads.*] *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.—'Tis bitter.
Cou. Find you that there?
Hel. Ay, madam.
2. *G.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not conſenting to.
Cou. Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deserves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly miſtreſs.—Who was with him?
2. *G.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſometime known.
Cou. *Parolles*, was't not?
2. *G.* Ay, my good lady, he.
Cou. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs:
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature

With his inducement.

2. *G.* Why, indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Cou. You're welcome, gentlemen.
I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon,
To tell him, that his ſword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you
Written to bear along.

1. *G.* We ſerve you, madam,
In that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Cou. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt* Cou. *and* Gen.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, *Roſillion*, none in *France*,
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord, is't I
That chace thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; pierce the ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was ſo effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd

25 move the ſtill-piercing

With ſharp conſtraint of hunger; better 'twere,
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, *Roſillion*,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all; I will be gone;
My being here it is, that holds thee hence;
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day;
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, *Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Duk. The general of our horſe thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love, and credence,
Upon thy promiſing fortune.

BER. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To the extream edge of hazard.

Duk. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!

BER. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put myſelf into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Roſillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Countess, *and* Steward.

Cou. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Ste. *I am saint* Jacques' *pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hye;
Bless him at home in peace; whilst I, from far,
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, *sent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death, and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Cou. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you ne'er lack'd advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Ste. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Cou. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, *Rinaldo*,

16 *dogs* 20 you did never lacke

To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Though little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger: —
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I have no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction: — Provide this meſſenger: —
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak. [*Ex.*

SCENE V. *Without the Walls of* Florence.

Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, DIANA *her Daughter*, MARIANA, *and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we ſhall lose all the ſight.

DIA. They ſay, the *French* count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported, that he has taken their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have loſt our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

MAR. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. — Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty,

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been

ſollicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one *Parolles:* a filthy officer he is in those ſuggeſtions for the young earl.—Beware of them, *Diana*; their promises, inticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of luſt, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been ſeduc'd by them; and the misery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *habited like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo. Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know ſhe will lye at my houſe: thither they ſend one another: I'll queſtion her.—
God ſave you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To ſaint *Jaques le grand.*
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the ſaint *Francis* here beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! [*Tucket.*
They come this way:—If you will tarry, pilgrim,
But 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall please ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leisure.

10 threatens 25 tarrie holy Pilgrime

Wid. You came, I think, from *France?*
Hel. I did ſo.
Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.
Hel. His name, I pray you?
Dia. The count *Roſillion*; Know you ſuch a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him;
His face I know not.
Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from *France*,
As 'tis reported, for the king had marry'd him
Againſt his liking: Think you, it is ſo?
Hel. Ay, ſurely, meer the truth; I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that ſerves the count,
Reports but coarſely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.*
Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.
Wid. Ay, right:—Good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly: this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count ſollicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.
Mar. The gods forbid elſe!
Enter, with Drum and Colours, marching, the Florentine *Army,* Bertram, *and* Parolles.
Wid. So, now they come:—
That is † *Antonio,* the duke's eldeſt ſon;
That † *Eſcalus.*
Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*
Dia. He;
That, † with the plume: 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier: Is't not a handſome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well? [knave,
Dia. 'Tis pity, he's not honeſt: Yond's † that ſame
That leads him to these paces; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.
Hel. Which is he? [lancholy?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs: Why is he me-
Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i'the battle.
Par. Loſe our drum! well. [has ſpy'd us.
Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething: Look, he
Wid. Marry, hang you! [Parolles *bows to them.*
Mar. and your courteſy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Army,* Ber. Par. &c.
Wid. The troop is paſt: Come, pilgrim, I will bring
Where you ſhall hoſt: of enjoin'd penitents [you
There's four, or five, to great ſaint *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Mar. Dia. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Camp under* Florence.

Enter Bertram, *and the two Lords.*

2. *L.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

1. *L.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

2. *L.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

2. *L.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinsman, he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

1. *L.* It were fit you knew him; leſt, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at ſome great and truſty buſineſs, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

1. *L.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do. I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he

knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppose no other but that he is carry'd into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordſhip present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2. *L.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't: when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of oar will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum*'s entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1. *L.* "O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the" "honour of his deſign; let him fetch off his drum in" "any hand." [*to* Bertram.

Ber. How now, monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

1. *L.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum ſo loſt! — There was excellent command to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

1. *L.* That was not to be blam'd in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that *Cæsar* himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs:

13 of this 14 of ours

ſome diſhonour we had, in the loſs of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum, or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomack to't, monſieur, if you think your miſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou'rt valiant; and, to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit* Parolles.

2. *L.* No more than a fiſh loves water.—Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my lord? that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be

done; damns himſelf to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

1. *L.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and, for a week, eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, that he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2. *L.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoſt imboſſ'd him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

1. *L.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him: he was firſt ſmok'd by the old lord *Lafeu:* when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night. I muſt go look my twigs, he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

1. *L.* As't please your lordſhip: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

2. *L.* But, you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'the wind,
Tokens, and letters, which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go ſee her?

2. *L.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

20 v. *Note.*

SCENE VII. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's Houſe.*
Enter HELENA, *and* Widow.

HEL. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Though my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.
HEL. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.
Wid. I ſhould believe you;
For you have ſhew'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.
HEL. Take this † purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his amorous ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her, in fine, conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That ſhe'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe,
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents
Since the firſt father wore it: this ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,

To buy his will it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I ſee
The bottom of your purpoſe.
Hel. You ſee it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſever,
That time, and place, with this deceit ſo lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſicks of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us aſſay our plot; which, if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter firſt Lord, *and Soldiers, to their Ambuſh.*

1. *L.* He can come no other way but by this hedge

corner: When you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter: for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him; unleſs ſome one among us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

1. *S.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. *L.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1. *S.* No, ſir, I warrant you.

1. *L.* But what linſy-wolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

1. *S.* E'en ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

1. *L.* He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'the adverſary's entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay, I have done? It muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it: They begin to ſmoke me; and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. *L.* "This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own" "tongue was guilty of."

PAR. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpose? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit: Yet ſlight ones will not carry it; they will ſay, Came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the inſtance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myſelf another of *Bajazet*'s mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

1. L. "Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is," "and be that he is?"

PAR. I would, the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn; or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* ſword.

1. L. "We cannot afford you ſo."

PAR. Or the baring of my beard; and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

1. L. "'Twould not do."

PAR. Or to drown my cloaths, and ſay, I was ſtript:

1. L. "Hardly ſerve."

PAR. Though I ſwore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel —

1. L. "How deep?"

PAR. Thirty fathom.

1. L. "Three great oaths would ſcarce make that" "be believed.".

PAR. I would, I had any drum of the enemies'; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

1. L. "You ſhall hear one anon."

PAR. A drum now of the enemies'!

[*Alarum within. Ambuſh ruſh upon* Parolles;

1. L. *Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

9 Mule, if

Sol. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*
[*bind, and blindfold him.*

PAR. O, ranſom, ranſom: Do not hide mine eyes.

1. *S.* *Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*

PAR. I know, you are the *Muſkos'* regiment,
And I ſhall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, *French*, let him ſpeak to me, I'll
Diſcover that which ſhall undo the *Florentine*.

1. *S.* *Boſkos vauvado:* —
I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue: —
Kerelybonto: — Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

PAR. Oh, oh!

1. *S.* Pray, pray, pray. —
Manca revanta dulche.

1. *L.* *Oſceorbi dulcos volivorco.*

1. *S.* The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on,
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

PAR. O, let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

1. *S.* But wilt thou faithfully?

PAR. If I do not, damn me.

1. *S.* *Acordo linta.* —
Come on, thou art granted ſpace.
[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*

1. *L.* Go, tell the count *Roſillion*, and my brother,

[3] Italian, or French,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffl'd
'Till we do hear from them.
2. *S.* Captain, I will.
1. *L.* He will betray us all unto ourſelves; —
Inform 'em too of that.
2. *S.* So I will, Sir.
1. *L.* 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and ſafely lock'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's Houſe.*
Enter BERTRAM, *and* DIANA.

BER. They told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*
DIA. No, my good lord, *Diana.*
BER. Titl'd, goddeſs;
And worth it, with addition. But, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
DIA. She then was honeſt.
BER. So ſhould you be.
DIA. No:
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
BER. No more of that;
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

5 Informe on that

Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn?
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,
But take the Higheſt to witneſs: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by *Jove*'s great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not ſo holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſire,
Who then recovers: ſay, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.
Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes in ſuch affairs,
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that † ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to lose.

21 deſires, 24 make rope's in ſuch a ſcarre,

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.
Ber. Here, take my † ring:
My houſe, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee. [window;
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reasons are moſt ſtrong; and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.
[*Exit* Bertram.
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and
You may ſo in the end. — [me!
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in his heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lye with him,
When I am bury'd: Since men are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I live and dye a maid:

31 Since Frenchmen are

Only, in this diſguise, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two Lords; *Soldiers, behind, attending.*

1. *L.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2. *L.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince: there is ſomething in't, that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

1. *L.* He has much worthy blame lay'd upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2. *L.* Eſpecially, he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1. *L.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2. *L.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſt renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſt composition.

1. *L.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2. *L.* Meerly our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treasons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, ere they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'er-flows himſelf.

1. *L.* Is it not moſt damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

27 till they 30 meant damnable

2. *L.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1. *L.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his companion anatomiz'd; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

2. *L.* We will not meddle with him, till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1. *L.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2. *L.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1. *L.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

2. *L.* What will count *Roſillion* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France?*

1. *L.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2. *L.* Let it be forbid, ſir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1. *L.* Sir, his wife, ſome two months ſince, fled from his houſe; her pretence, a pilgrimage to ſaint *Jaques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony ſhe accompliſh'd: and, there residing, through the tenderneſs of her nature, became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2. *L.* How is this juſtify'd?

1. *L.* The ſtronger part of it, by her own letters; which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death: her death itſelf, which could not be her office to ſay, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2. *L.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1. *L.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point for

4 company 5 judgments, 19 pretence is a

point, to the full arming of the verity.

2. *L.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1. *L.* How mightily, ſometimes, we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2. *L.* And how mightily, ſome other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1. *L.* The web of our life is of a mingl'd yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues. —

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the duke in the ſtreet, ſir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave; his lordſhip will next morning for *France*. The duke hath offer'd him letters of commendations to the king.

2. *L.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1. *L.* They cannot be too ſweet for the king's tartneſs: Here's his lordſhip now. — How now, my lord? is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; bury'd a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

1 point from point 22 *Ber.* They 30 affected

2. *L.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? — Come, bring forth this counterfeit medal; — h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2. *L.* Bring him forth: — [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] ha's ſat i'the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

2. *L.* I have told your lordſhip already; the ſtocks carry him. But, to anſwer you as you would be underſtood; He weeps, like a wench that had ſhed her milk: he hath confeſſ'd himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i' the ſtocks; And what, think you, he hath confeſſ'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2. *L.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your lordſhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles, *and firſt* Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffl'd! he can ſay nothing of me.

1. *L.* Huſh! hoodman comes. — *Porto tartaroſſa.*

1. *S.* He calls for the tortures; What will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

1. *S.* *Boſko chimurco.*

1. *L. Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1. *S.* You are a merciful general: — Our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *S. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the duke is ſtrong.* What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand; but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcattered, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1. *S.* Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. "All's one to him: — What a paſt-ſaving ſlave [is this?"

1. *L.* "You're deceiv'd, my lord; this is monſieur"
"*Parolles*, the gallant militariſt, (that was his own phraſe)"
"that had the whole theorique of war in the knot of"
"his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger."

2. *L.* "I will never truſt a man again, for keeping"
"his ſword clean; nor believe he can have every thing"
"in him, by wearing his apparel neatly."

1. *S.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe, I ſaid, — I will ſay true, — or thereabouts, ſet down, — for I'll ſpeak truth.

1. *L.* "He's very near the truth in this."

Ber. "But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature"
"he delivers it."

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

1. *S.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, ſir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvelous poor.

1. *S. Demand of him of what ſtrength they are of foot.*

What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, ſir, if I were to live but this present hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee: *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jaques* ſo many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred fifty each: ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. "What ſhall be done to him?"

1. *L.* "Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand" "of him my conditions, and what credit I have with" "the duke."

1. *S.* Well, that's ſet down. *You ſhall demand of him, whether one captain* Dumaine *be i'the camp, a* French-man; *what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not poſſible with well-weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.* What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particulars of the interrogatory; demand them ſingly.

1. *S.* Do you know this captain *Dumaine?*

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whip'd for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him, nay.

Ber. "Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though" "I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls."

1. *S.* Well, is this captain in the duke of *Florence*'s camp?

24 particular of the intergatories.

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1. *L.* "Nay, look not ſo upon me; we ſhall hear of" "your lordſhip anon."

1. *S.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1. *S.* Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1. *S.* Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. "Our interpreter does it well."

1. *L.* "Excellently."

1. *S.* Dian, *the count's a fool, and full of gold,* —

Par. That is not the duke's letter, ſir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one count *Roſillion*, a fooliſh idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttiſh: I pray you, ſir, put it up again.

1. *S.* Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. "Damnable! both ſides rogue." [*take it*;

1. *S.* *When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and*
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

3 Lord anon

And ſay, a ſoldier, Dian, *told thee this,*
Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiſs:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
Parolles.

Ber. "He ſhall be whip'd through the army, with" "this rime in his forehead."

2. *L.* "This is your devoted friend, ſir, the manifold" "linguiſt, and the armipotent ſoldier."

Ber. "I could endure any thing before but a cat," "and now he's a cat to me."

1. *S.* I perceive, ſir, by our general's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, ſir, in any caſe: not that I am afraid to dye; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i'the ſtocks, or any where, ſo I may live.

1. *S.* We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more to this captain *Dumaine:* You have anſwer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour; What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, ſir, an egg out of a cloiſter; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus:* he profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is ſtronger than *Hercules:* he will lye, ſir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue; for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, ſir, of his honeſty: he has every thing, that an honeſt man ſhould

2 are not to 13 by your

not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1. *L.* "I begin to love him for this."

Ber. "For this deſcription of thine honeſty? A pox" "upon him for me! he's more and more a cat."

1. *S.* What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. 'Faith, ſir, h'as led the drum before the *Engliſh* tragedians, — to belye him, I will not, — and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be an officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1. *L.* "He hath out-villain'd villany ſo far, that" "the rarity redeems him."

Ber. "A pox on him! he's a cat ſtill."

1. *S.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart-d'ecu* he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion in it perpetually.

1. *S.* What's his brother, the other captain *Dumaine?*

2. *L.* "Why does he aſk him of me?"

1. *S.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'the ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. *S.* If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to

betray the *Florentine?*

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horſe, count *Roſillion.*

1. *S.* I'll whiſper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. "I'll no more drumming; A plague of all" "drums! Only to ſeem to deserve well, and to be-" "guile the ſupposition of that laſcivious young boy the" "count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would" "have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken?"

1. *S.* There is no remedy, ſir, but you muſt dye: the general ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt dye:—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, ſir; let me live, or let me ſee my death!

1. *S.* That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends: [*unbinding him.*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2. *L.* God bleſs you, captain *Parolles.*

1. *L.* God ſave you, noble captain.

2. *L.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1. *L.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the count *Roſillion?* an I were not a very coward, I'd compell it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Lords, &c.

1. *S.* You are undone, captain; all but your ſcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

1. *S.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, ſir, I am for *France* too; we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat, and drink, and ſleep, as ſoft
As captain ſhall: ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword; cool, bluſhes! and, *Parolles*, live,
Safeſt in ſhame; being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Florence. *A Room in the Widow's Houſe.*
Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd
One of the greateſt in the chriſtian world [you,
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty *Tartar*'s bosom would peep forth,
And anſwer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marſeilles*; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,

We'll be, before our welcome.
Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whose truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.
Hel. Nor you, miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But o ſtrange men,
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, *Diana*,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.
Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.
Hel. Yet, I pray you,
But with the word: the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp. We muſt away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well, that ends well: ſtill the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Roſillion. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*
Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt-taffeta fellow there; whose villanous ſaffron would have

made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanc'd by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Cou. I would, I had not known him; it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praiſe for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thouſand ſallets, ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet; or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, ſir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, ſir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, ſir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, ſir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a *Frenchman?*

Clo. 'Faith, ſir, he has an *Engliſh* name; but his phiſnomy is more honour'd in *France*, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, ſir; alias, the prince of darkneſs; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe: I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a wood-land fellow, ſir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the maſter, I ſpeak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, for he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court; I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may, but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flow'ry way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee ſo before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, ſir, they ſhall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit* Clown.

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Cou. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and,

5 Engliſh maine, 6 more hotter in 15 but ſure he

indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiſs: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your ſon was upon his return home, I moved the king, my maſter, to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propose: his highneſs hath promis'd me to do it; and, to ſtop up the diſpleasure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyſhip like it?

Cou. With very much content, my lord; and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His highneſs comes poſt from *Marſeilles*, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Cou. It rejoices me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I dye. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip, to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Cou. You need but plead your honourable priviledge.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a ſcar under't, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour: ſo, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf: Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marſeilles. *A Street.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding poſting, day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low: we cannot help it;
But, ſince you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;
Enter a Gentleman.
This man may help me to his majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. — God ſave you, ſir.

Gen. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of *France.*

Gen. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume, ſir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which

I ſhall continue thankful.
Gen. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this ✝ poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his presence.
Gen. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, ſir?
Gen. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well, that ends well, yet;
Though time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit. —
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Gen. Marry, as I take it, to *Roſillion*;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beſeech you, ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.
Gen. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. — We muſt to horſe again; —
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Roſillion. *Inner-Court of the Palace.*
Enter Clown, PAROLLES *following.*
Par. Good Mr. *Lavatch*, give my lord *Lafeu* this let-

ter: I have ere now, ſir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths; but I am now, ſir, muddy'd in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleasure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your nose, ſir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my nose; or againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, ſir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; A paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool to give to a nobleman! Look, here

Enter Lafeu.

he comes himſelf. — Here is a pur of fortune's, ſir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fiſh-pond of her diſpleasure, and, as he ſays, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, ſir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſimilies of comfort, and leave him to your lordſhip.

[*Exit* Clown.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a † *quart-d'ecu*

3 fortunes mood, 24 ſmiles of

for you: Let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't; ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than word then. — Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, inſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies on you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. — [*Trumpet.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets. — Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you laſt night: though you are a fool, and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room of State in the Palace. Flouriſh. Enter* King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *Lords, Gentlemen, Guards,* &c.

Kin. We loſt a jewel of her; and our eſteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Cou. 'Tis paſt, my liege:
And I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reason's force,

11 lies in you 31 blade of

O'er-bears it, and burns on.

Kin. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven, and forgotten, all:
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,—
But firſt I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all: he loſt a wife,
Whose beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

Kin. Praising what is loſt
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition:—Let him not aſk our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incenſing reliques of it: let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gen. I ſhall, my liege. [*Exit* Gentleman.

Kin. What ſays he to your daughter? have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highneſs.

Kin. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent
That ſet him high in fame. [me,

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of ſeason,
But thou may'ſt ſee a ſunſhine and a hail

In me at once: But to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear ſovereign, pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole;
Not one word more of the conſumed time.
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
The inaudible and noiseleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege; At the firſt ſight
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſſ'd it ſtoln;
Extended, or contracted, all proportions,
To a moſt hideous object: Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd:
That thou did'ſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carry'd,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our own raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:

Oft our diſpleasures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Helen*'s knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*:
The main conſents are had; — and here we'll ſtay,
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day.

Cou. Which, better than the firſt, o dear heaven, bleſs!
Or, ere they meet, in me, o nature, ceaſe!

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted, give a favour from you,
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
[*receiving a Ring from* Bertram.
And every hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature; ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

Kin. Now, pray you, let me ſee it; for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't. —
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſity'd to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to 'reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.

Cou. Son, on my life,
I have ſeen her wear it; and ſhe reckon'd it

18 ere I tooke

At her life's rate.

Laf. I am ſure, I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In *Florence* was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrapt in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ungag'd; but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceaſ'd,
In heavy ſatiſfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

Kin. *Plutus* himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas *Helen*'s,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas her's, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: ſhe call'd the ſaints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
Where you have never come, or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

Kin. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I ſhould fain ſhut out: If it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman, — 'twill not prove ſo; —
And yet I know not: thou did'ſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,

7 ingag'd 13 *Platus*

More than to ſee this ring. — Take him away. —
[*Guards ſieze* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. — Away with him; —
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Kin. I am wrapt in dismal thinkings.

Gen. Gracious ſovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a ‡ petition from a *Florentine*,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort
To tender it herſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highneſs with herſelf.

Kin. [*reads.*] *Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the count* Roſillion *a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honours pay'd to him. He ſtole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for juſtice: Grant it me, o king, in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe, a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I'll buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for this. I'll none of him.

Kin. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this diſcovery.—Seek these ſuitors:—
Go, ſpeedily, and bring again the count.—
[*Exeunt ſome Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of *Helen*, lady,
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Cou. Now, juſtice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, *guarded.*

Kin. I wonder, ſir, wives are ſuch monſters to you;
And that you fly them, as you ſwear to them;
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Enter Widow, *and* Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pity'd.

Wid. I am her mother, ſir, whose age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe, without your remedy.

Kin. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embody'd yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,

Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*to* Ber.] comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

Kin. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them; Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Now, good my lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What ſay'ſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this † ring,
Whoſe high reſpect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.

Cou. He bluſhes, and 'tis it:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that jem,
Confer'd by teſtament to the ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

Kin. Methought, you ſaid,
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's *Parolles*.

† 'tis hit;

Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.
Kin. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o'the world tax'd and deboſh'd;
Whose nature ſickens but to ſpeak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?
Kin. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think, ſhe has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I muſt be patient;
You that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
Kin. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like
The ſame upon your finger.
Kin. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
Kin. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him

21 that have turn'd

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you.—Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

Kin. Now tell me, ſirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
(Which, on your juſt proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have:

Kin. Come, come, to the purpoſe; Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, ſir, he did love her; But how?

Kin. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, ſir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, ſir, and lov'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majeſty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

Kin. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo please your majeſty: I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more, than that he lov'd her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her; and talk'd of *Satan*, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew

29 v. *Note.*

of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to ſpeak of, therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

Kin. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay, they are marry'd: But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. —
This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kin. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

Kin. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him. —
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dy'ſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

Kin. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

Kin. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't:
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or elſe this † old man's wife.
Kin. She does abuse our ears, — to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. — Stay, royal ſir;
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this † lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd;
And, at that time, he got his wife with child:
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick,
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* Helena.

Kin. Is there no exorciſt,
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!
Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your † ring;
[*receiving it of* Diana.
And, look you, here's † your letter; This it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, — This is done;
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

31 And is by

Ber. If ſhe, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you! —
O my dear mother, do I ſee you living?

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon: —
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make ſport with thee: Let thy court'ſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

Kin. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow: —
If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid. —
Of that, and all the progreſs, more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and, if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

advancing,

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this ſuit be won,
That you expreſs content; which we will pay
With ſtrife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

TWELFTH-NIGHT,

or,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Perſons represented.

Orſino, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman:*
Antonio, *a Sea-captain, his Friend.*
Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen attending the Duke.*
Sir Toby Belch.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Malvolio, Fabian, *Clown*, *Prieſt*, *Servant*, } *Domeſticks of* Olivia.
two Officers of Juſtice.

Olivia, *a noble Heireſs:*
Maria, *her Gentlewoman.*
Viola, *Siſter to* Sebaſtian.

Attendants upon the Duke, and Olivia; *Musicians, Sailors,* &c.

Scene, a City of Illyria, *Residence of the Duke; and the Sea-coaſt near it.*

TWELFTH-NIGHT, or, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, CURIO, *and Others*; *Musick attending.*

Duk. If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo dye.—
That ſtrain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,
That breaths upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
[*Musick ceaſes.*
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou;
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.

5 ſweet ſound

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duk. What, *Curio?*
Cur. The hart.
Duk. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when mine eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
(Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence)
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloiſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber's round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to ſeason
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh,
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.
Duk. O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These ſovereign thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
(Her ſweet perfection) with one ſelf-ſame king!—
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

SCENE II. *The Sea-coaſt.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, *and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

13 yeares heate, 26 perfections

Cap. This is *Illyria*, lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria?*
My brother he is in *Elyzium.*
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, ſailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were ſav'd. [be.
Vio. O my poor brother!—and ſo, perchance, may he
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and this poor number ſav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's ╪ gold:
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke in nature,
As in his name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. *Orſino.*
Vio. *Orſino!* I have heard my father name him:
He was a batchelor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas freſh in murmur, (as, you know,

9 thoſe poore 14 *Orion*

What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia.*
Vio. What's ſhe?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd ſome twelve-month ſince; then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd: for whose dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the company,
And ſight, of men.
Vio. o, that I ſerv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my eſtate is!
Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Because ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For ſuch diſguise as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent: I'll ſerve this duke,
Thou ſhalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:

[8] ſight | And company

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee!
Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY, *and* MARIA.

Sir T. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, ſir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier o'nights; your couſin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir T. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir T. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am: these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and ſo be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yeſterday; and of a fooliſh knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir T. Who? ſir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir T. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir T. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir T. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts

of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, almoſt natural: for, beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir T. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels, and ſubſtractors, that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir T. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria:* he's a coward, and a coyſtril, that will not drink to my niece, 'till his brains turn o'the toe like a pariſh top. What, wench? *Caſtiliano volto*; for here comes ſir *Andrew Ague-face.*

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir A. Sir *Toby Belch!* how now, ſir *Toby Belch?*

Sir T. Sweet ſir *Andrew!*

Sir A. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, ſir.

Sir T. Accoſt, ſir *Andrew*, accoſt.

Sir A. What's that?

Sir T. My niece's chamber-maid. [ance.

Sir A. Good miſtreſs *Accoſt*, I desire better acquaint-

Mar. My name is *Mary*, ſir.

Sir A. Good miſtreſs *Mary Accoſt*, —

Sir T. You miſtake, knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her, woo her, aſſail her.

Sir A. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir T. An thou let part ſo, ſir *Andrew*, 'would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir A. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir A. Marry, but you ſhall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, ſir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery bar, and let it drink. [phor?

Sir A. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your meta-

Mar. It's dry, ſir.

Sir A. Why, I think ſo; I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, ſir.

Sir A. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, ſir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* Maria.

Sir T. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary; When did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir A. Never in your life, I think; unleſs you ſee canary put me down: Methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a chriſtian, or an ordinary man, has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir T. No queſtion.

Sir A. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, ſir *Toby*.

Sir T. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir A. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would I had beſtow'd that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but fol-

low'd the arts!

Sir T. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir A. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir T. Paſt queſtion; for, thou ſee'ſt, it will not curl by nature.

Sir A. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir T. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a diſtaff: and I hope to ſee a huswife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir A. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, ſir *Toby:* your niece will not be ſeen; or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me; the count himſelf, here hard by, woes her.

Sir T. She'll none of the count; ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir A. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' ſtrangeſt mind i'the world; I delight in maſques and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir T. Art thou good at these kickſhaws, knight?

Sir A. As any man in *Illyria*, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir T. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir A. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir T. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir A. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria.*

Sir T. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs *Mall's* picture? Why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a co-

5 not coole my nature

ranto? my very walk ſhould be a jig; I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace. What doſt thou mean; is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir A. Ay 'tis ſtrong; and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd ſtocking. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir T. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under *Taurus?*

Sir A. Taurus? that's ſides, and heart.

Sir T. No, ſir; it is legs, and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper: † ha! higher: † ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in Man's Attire.*

VAL. If the duke continue these favours towards you, *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

VIO. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love: Is he inconſtant, ſir, in his favours?

VAL. No, believe me.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, *attended.*

Duk. Who ſaw *Ceſario*, ho?

VIO. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duk. Stand you a while aloof.—*Ceſario*,
Thou know'ſt no leſs but all; I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul:
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gait unto her;

7 dam'd-colour'd ſtocke.

Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow,
'Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.
Duk. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say, I do ſpeak with her, my lord; What then?
Duk. O, then, unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith:
It ſhall become thee well, to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuntio of more grave aſpect.
Vio. I think not ſo, my lord.
Duk. Dear lad, believe it;
For they ſhall yet belye thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man: *Diana*'s lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.
I know, thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myſelf am beſt,
When leaſt in company:—Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my beſt,
To woo your lady:—"yet, a barful ſtrife;"
"Whoe'er I woo, myſelf would be his wife." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Room in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

14 Nuntio's

Enter MARIA, *and* Clown.

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips, ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

MAR. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

MAR. A good lenten anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs *Mary?*

MAR. In the wars; and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hang'd, for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away; Is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

MAR. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if ſir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve*'s fleſh as any in *Illyria*.

MAR. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuſe wisely, you were beſt. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA, *attended, and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!

Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wise man: For what ſays *Quinapalus?* Better a witty fool, than a fooliſh wit. — God bleſs thee, lady.

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, madona, that drink and good counſel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf, If he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but patch'd with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: if that this ſimple ſyllogism will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, What remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower: — The lady bad take away the fool; therefore I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſprision in the higheſt degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum:* that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madona, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterioufly, good madona.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, madona; Good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, ſir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

23 much to ſay, as I

Clo. Good madona, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, madona.

Oli. I know, his ſoul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madona, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio?* doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and ſhall do, 'till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God ſend you, ſir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better encreaſing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two-pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. I marvel, your ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh, and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gag'd. I proteſt, I take these wise men, that crow ſo at these ſet kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

27 guitleſſe

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the count *Orſino*, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he ſpeaks nothing but madman; Fye on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, *Malvolio*: if it be a ſuit from the count, I am ſick, or not at home; what you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you ſee, ſir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, madona, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whose ſcull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a moſt weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir T. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir T. 'Tis a gentleman:— [*hiccups.*] A plague of these pickle-herring!—How now, ſot?

Clo. Good ſir *Toby*,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy? [gate.

Sir T. Letchery? I defy letchery: There's one at the

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

19 heere he comes 26 v. *Note.*

Sir T. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit Sir* TOBY.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madona; and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yon' young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him, you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you: I told him, you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, lady? he is fortify'd againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll ſtand at your door like a ſheriff's poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll ſpeak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him

e'en ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think, his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her; Your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her: I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well pen'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter usage.

Oli. Whence came you, ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudy'd, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance if you be the lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, (by the very phangs of malice, I ſwear) I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech

[1] him in ſtanding

in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were ſaucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, ſir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, ſweet lady; tell me your mind, I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt* Maria, *and Attendants.*] Now, ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, [*unveiling*] and ſhew you the picture. Look you, ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, ſir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand lay'd on:
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted; I will give out divers ſchedules of my beauty: It ſhall be inventory'd; and every particle, and utenſil, label'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praise me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and maſter loves you; O, ſuch love
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd

The non-pareil of beauty.
Oli. How does he love me?
Vio. With adorations, with fertil tears,
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire. [him:
Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
Yet I ſuppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimenſion and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his anſwer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuffering, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe,
I would not underſtand it.
Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal canzons of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* o, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.
Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

I thank you for your pains: ſpend this † for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd poſt, lady; keep your purſe;
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love;
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty.
[*Exit* Viola.

Oli. What is your parentage? —
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman. — I'll be ſworn, thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: Not too faſt; ſoft;
Unleſs the maſter were the man. How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and ſubtle ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —
What, ho! *Malvolio!*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your ſervice.

Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The county's man: he left this ‡ ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, ſhew thy force: Ourſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; And be this ſo! [*Exit.*

12 ſoft, ſoft, 22 Countes man

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea-coaſt.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, *and* ANTONIO.

ANT. Will you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

SEB. No, 'ſooth, ſir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy. But I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf: You muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but you, ſir, alter'd that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

ANT. Alas, the day!

SEB. A lady, ſir, though it was ſaid ſhe much reſembl'd me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with ſuch eſtimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly pub-

liſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, ſir, with ſalt water, though I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindneſs; and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that, upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count *Orſino*'s court: farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee!—
I have many enemies in *Orſino*'s court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Viola, Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the counteſs *Olivia?*

Vio. Even now, ſir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, ſir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away yourſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your lord into a deſperate aſſurance ſhe will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never ſo hardy to come

again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it, ſir.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, ſir, you peeviſhly threw it to her; and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there † it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit* Malvolio.

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my out-ſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, ſo much,
That, ſure, methought, her eyes had loſt her tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly.
She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.
None of my lord's ring? why, he ſent her none.
I am the man; If it be ſo, (as 'tis)
Poor lady, ſhe were better love a dream.
Diſguise, I ſee, thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper falſe
In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, ſuch as we are made, e'en ſuch we be.
How will this fadge? My maſter loves her dearly;
And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to doat on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am woman, now, alas the day!
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breath?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to unty. [*Exit.*

2 it ſo. 23 made, if ſuch

SCENE III. *A Room in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY, *and Sir* ANDREW.

Sir T. Approach, ſir *Andrew:* not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo ſurgere,* thou know'ſt, —

Sir A. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir T. A falſe conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir A. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir T. Thou'rt a ſcholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — *Maria,* I ſay, — a ſtoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir A. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never ſee the picture of we three.

Sir T. Welcome, aſs. Now let's have a catch.

Sir A. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg; and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. — In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus,* of the *Vapians* paſſing the equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good, i'faith. I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy leman; Had'ſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratility; for *Malvolio*'s nose is no whip-ſtock, my lady has a white hand, and the *Myrmidons* are no bottle-ale-houses.

12 lives 17 *Marian* 29 Lemon

Sir A. Excellent! Why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a ſong.

Sir T. Come on; there is ſix-pence ╪ for you: let's have a ſong.

Sir A. There's a teſtril ╪ of me too: if one knight give a —

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

Sir T. A love-ſong, a love-ſong.

Sir A. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

S O N G.

Clo. *O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?*
o, ſtay and hear; your true-love's coming,
that can ſing both high and low:
trip no farther, pretty ſweeting;
journeys end in lovers' meeting,
every wise man's ſon doth know.

Sir A. Excellent good, i'faith.

Sir T. Good, good.

St. II.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
present mirth hath present laughter;
what's to come, is ſtill unſure:
in delay there lies no plenty;
then come kiſs me, ſweet, and twenty,
youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir A. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir T. A contagious breath.

Sir A. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir T. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we

rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver? ſhall we do that?

Sir A. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r-lady, ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir A. Moſt certain: Let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight?* I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir A. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir A. Good, i'faith! Come, begin. [*Catch ſung.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwawling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her ſteward *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir T. My lady's a *Cataian*, we are politicians; *Malvolio*'s a *Peg* o' *Ramsey*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally! lady! — *There dwelt a man in* Babylon, — lady, lady!

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir A. Ay, he does well enough, if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir T. O, *the twelfth day of* December, —

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-houſe of my lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers'

catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

Sir T. We did keep time, ſir, in our catches. Sneck-up!

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My lady bad me tell you, that, though ſhe harbours you as her kinsman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your disorders: If you can ſeparate yourſelf and your miſdemeanours, you are welcome to the houſe; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir T. Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good ſir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do ſhow his days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir T. But I will never dye.

Clo. Sir Toby, *there you lye.*

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir T. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir T. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir T. Out o'tune, ſir, ye lye. — Art any more than a ſteward? Doſt thou think, because thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by ſaint *Anne*; and ginger ſhall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir T. Thou'rt i'the right. — Go, ſir, rub your chain with crums: — A ſtoop of wine, *Maria*.

Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit* Malvolio.

Mar. Go, ſhake your ears.

Sir A. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir T. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet ſir *Toby*, be patient for to-night; ſince the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For monſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye ſtrait in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir T. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us; tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, ſir, ſometimes he is a kind of puritan:

Sir A. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir T. What, for being a puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear knight?

Sir A. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer; an affection'd aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths: the beſt perſuaded of himſelf, ſo cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir T. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreſſure of his

eye, forehead, and complection, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir T. Excellent! I ſmell a device.

Sir A. I ha't in my nose too.

Sir T. He ſhall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that ſhe's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir A. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

Mar. Aſs — I doubt not.

Sir A. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter; obſerve his conſtruction of it: For this night, to bed, and dream on the event: Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir T. Good night, *Penthesilea.*

Sir A. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir T. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir A. I was ador'd once too.

Sir T. Let's to bed, knight: Thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

Sir A. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir T. Send for money, knight; if thou haſt her not i'the end, call me, cut.

Sir A. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir T. Come, come; I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too

late to go to bed now: come, knight, come, knight.

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, *and Others.*

Duk. Give me ſome musick:—Now, good-morrow, friends:—
Now, good *Cesario*, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antick ſong we heard laſt night:
Methought, it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these moſt briſk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo please your lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duk. Who was it?

Cur. *Feſte*, the jeſter, my lord; a fool, that the lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in: he is about the houſe.

Duk. Go, ſeek him out,—and play the tune the while.—
[*Exit* CURIO. *Musick.*
Come hither, boy; If ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtay'd and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save, in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where love is thron'd.

Duk. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtay'd upon ſome favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duk. What kind of woman is't.
Vio. Of your complection.
Duk. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duk. Too old, by heaven; Let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf; ſo wears ſhe to him,
So ſways ſhe level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duk. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo;
To dye, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, *with* Clown.

Duk. O, fellow, come, the ſong we had laſt night:—
Mark it, *Cesario*; it is old, and plain:
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, ſir?
Duk. Ay; pr'ythee, ſing. [*Musick.*

SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
and in ſad cypreſs let me be lay'd;
fly away, fly away, breath;

32 Fye away, fie away

I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid:
my ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,
o, prepare it;
my part of death no one ſo true
did ſhare it.

II. St.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
on my black coffin let there be ſtrown;
not a friend, not a friend greet
my poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown:
a thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
lay me, o, where
ſad true-love never find my grave,
to weep there.

Duk. There's ‡ for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, ſir, I take pleaſure in ſinging, ſir.

Duk. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, ſir, and pleaſure will be pay'd, one time, or another.

Duk. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal! — I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. — Farewel.

[*Exit* Clown.

Duk. Let all the reſt give place.—Once more, *Ceſario*,

[*Exeunt* Curio, *and Attendants.*

Get thee to yon' ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul.
Vio. But, if ſhe cannot love you, ſir? —
Duk. I cannot be ſo anſwer'd.
Vio. 'Sooth, but you muſt.
Say, that ſome lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia:* you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?
Duk. There is no woman's ſides,
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —
No motion of the liver, but the palate, —
That ſuffer ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia.*
Vio. Ay, but I know, —
Duk. What doſt thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your lordſhip:
Duk. And what's her hiſtory?
Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more: but, indeed,
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duk. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, ſhall I to this lady?

Duk. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haſte: give her this ✝ jewel; ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir T. Come thy ways, ſignior *Fabian.*

FAB. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir T. Would'ſt thou not be glad, to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir T. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we'll fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, ſir *Andrew?*

Sir A. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir T. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: *Malvolio*'s coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the ſun, practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow, this half hour: obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting. [*Men hide themſelves.*] Lye thou there; [*throws down a Letter.*] for here comes the trout, that muſt be caught with tickling. [*Exit* Maria.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, ſhe did affect me; and I have heard herſelf come thus near, that, ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complection. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir T. "Here's an over-weening rogue!"

Fab. "O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare tur-" "key-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd" "plumes!"

Sir A. "S'light, I could ſo beat the rogue:—"

Sir T. "Peace, I ſay."

Mal. To be count *Malvolio:*

Sir T. "Ah, rogue!"

Sir A. "Piſtol him, piſtol him."

Sir T. "Peace, peace."

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the *Strachy* marry'd the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir A. "Fye on him, *Jezebel!*"

Fab. "O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how" "imagination blows him."

Mal. Having been three months marry'd to her, ſitting in my ſtate,—

Sir T. "O for a ſtone-bow, to hit him in the eye!"

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* ſleeping:

Sir T. "Fire and brimſtone!"

Fab. "O, peace, peace!"

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate: and, after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs,—to aſk for my kinsman *Toby:*

Sir T. "Bolts and ſhackles!"

Fab. "O, peace, peace, peace! now, now."

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel: *Toby* approaches; curtſies there to me:

Sir T. "Shall this fellow live?"

Fab. "Though our ſilence be drawn from us with" "cares, yet peace."

Mal. I extend my hand to him, † thus, quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controul;

Sir T. "And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'the" "lips then?"

Mal. Saying, *Couſin* Toby, *my fortunes having caſt me on your niece give me this prerogative of ſpeech*;

Sir T. "What, what?"

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir T. "Out, ſcab!" [plot."

Fab. "Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treasure of your time with a fooliſh knight;

Sir A. "That's me, I warrant you."

MAL. *One ſir* Andrew:

Sir A. "I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool."

MAL. What employment have we here? [*taking up the*

FAB. "Now is the woodcock near the gin." [*Letter.*

Sir T. "O, peace! and the ſpirit of humours inti-"

"mate reading aloud to him!"

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes ſhe her great P's. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir A. "Her C's, her U's, and her T's; Why that?"

MAL. [*reads.*] *To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax:—Soft; and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uses to ſeal: 'tis my lady: To whom ſhould this be?

[*opes the Letter.*

FAB. "This wins him, liver and all."

MAL. [*reads.*] Jove *knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move;

No man muſt know.

No man muſt know. What follows? The numbers alter'd! *No man muſt know:* If this ſhould be thee, *Malvalio?*

Sir T. "Marry, hang thee, brock!"

MAL. [*reads.*] *I may command where I adore:*

But ſilence, like a Lucrece *knife,*

With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, *doth ſway my life.*

FAB. "A fuſtian riddle!"

Sir T. "Excellent wench, ſay I."

MAL. M, O, A, I, *doth ſway my life.* Nay, but firſt, let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee.

Fab. "What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſſ'd him!"

Sir T. "And with what wing the ſtanyel checks" "at it!"

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, ſhe may command me; I ſerve her, ſhe is my lady: Why, this is evident to any formal capacity! there is no obſtruction in this; — And the end; What ſhould that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble ſomething in me, — Softly; *M, O, A, I.*

Sir T. "O, ay, make up that: — he is now at a cold" "ſcent."

Fab. "*Sowter* will cry upon't, for all this, though" "it be as rank as a fox."

Mal. *M,—Malvolio;—M,* why, that begins my name.

Fab. "Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the" "cur is excellent at faults."

Mal. *M,* — But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; that ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. "And *O* ſhall end, I hope."

Sir T. "Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O."

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. "Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you" "might ſee more detraction at your heels, than for-" "tunes before you."

Mal. *M, O, A, I;* — This ſimulation is not as the former: and yet, to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose. [*reads.*

If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatneſs: Some are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs

[2] the ſtallion [31] are become great

thruſt upon them: thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them. And, to inure thyſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh: be opposite with a kinsman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity: She thus advises thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings; and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd: I ſay, remember. Go to: thou art made, if thou desir'ſt to be ſo; if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter ſervices with thee, The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light, and champian, diſcovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle ſir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point-deviſe the very man. I do not now fool myſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me: She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praise my leg being croſs-garter'd; and in this † ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy. I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. *Jove*, and my ſtars, be praised! Here is yet a poſt-ſcript.

Thou can'ſt not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'ſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well: therefore in my presence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.

Jove, I thank thee. — I will ſmile; I will do

every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be pay'd from the Sophy.

Sir T. I could marry this wench for this device;

Sir A. So could I too.

Sir T. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Sir A. Nor I neither.

Enter Maria.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir T. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o'my neck?

Sir A. Or o'mine either?

Sir T. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir A. I'faith, or I either?

Sir T. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir T. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir T. To the gates of tartar, thou moſt excellent devil of wit.

Sir A. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown, *meeting.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy muſick: Doſt thou live by the tabor?

Clo. No, ſir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, ſir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church ſtands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ſtand by the church.

Clo. You have ſaid, ſir.—To ſee this age! A ſentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong ſide may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my ſiſter had had no name, ſir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, ſir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton: But, indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, man?

Clo. 'Troth, ſir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loth to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and car'ſt

for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, ſir, I do care for ſomething: but in my conſcience, ſir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, ſir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady *Olivia*'s fool?

Clo. No, indeed, ſir; the lady *Olivia* has no folly: ſhe will keep no fool, ſir, 'till ſhe be marry'd; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the count *Orſino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, ſir, does walk about the orb, like the ſun; it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, ſir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your maſter, as with my miſtreſs: I think, I ſaw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences ╪ for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almoſt ſick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, ſir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, ſir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, ſir, 'tis well beg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, ſir, begging but a beggar; *Creſſida* was a beggar. My lady is within, ſir. I will conſter to them, whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might ſay, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit* Clown.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY, *and Sir* ANDREW.

Sir T. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir A. *Dieu vous guarde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir A. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir T. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir T. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir T. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance: But we are prevented. —

Enter OLIVIA, *and* Maria.

Most excellent-accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir A. "That youth's a rare courtier. *Rain odours!*" "well."

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your

9 wisemens folly-falne,

own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir A. "*Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchſafed:* — I'll get "'em all three ready.".

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* T. *Sir* A. *and* Maria. Give me your hand, ſir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your ſervant's name, fair princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, ſir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're ſervant to the count *Orſino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours;
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf: —

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bad you never ſpeak again of him:
But, would you undertake another ſuit,
I had rather hear you to ſollicit that,
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady, —

Oli. Nay, give me leave, beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did here,
A ring in chace of you; ſo did I abuse
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you, in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,

3 three already 26 did heare,

And baited it with all the unmuzzl'd thoughts
That tyranous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time. —
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.

Vio. Then weſtward-hoe:
Grace, and good diſposition, attend your ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'ſt of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wiſh it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt, and anger, of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon. —

Cesario, by the roses of the ſpring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter;
Love ſought is good, but given unſought is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor ever none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir A. No, 'faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir T. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reason, ſir *Andrew.*

Sir A. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the count's ſervingman, than ever ſhe beſtow'd upon me; I ſaw't i'the orchard.

Sir T. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy; tell me that?

Sir A. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir A. 'Slight, will you make an aſs o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, ſir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir T. And they have been grand-jury-men, ſince before *Noah* was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver: You ſhould then have accoſted her; and with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an iſicle on a *Dutchman*'s beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir A. An't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Browniſt*, as a politician.

Sir T. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece ſhall take note of it: and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, ſir *Andrew*.

Sir A. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir T. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curſt, and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'ſt him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lye in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, ſet 'em down, go, about it. Let there be

gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir A. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir T. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:* Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, ſir *Toby.*

Sir T. I have been dear to him, lad; ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

FAB. We ſhall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't.

Sir T. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew,* if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt o'the anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir T. Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.

MAR. If you desire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſide-ſtitches, follow me: yon' gull *Malvolio* is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no chriſtian, that means to be ſaved by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir T. And croſs-garter'd?

MAR. Moſt villanouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'the church. I have dog'd him like his murtherer: He does obey every point of the letter that I drop'd to betray him: he does ſmile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation

of the *Indies:* you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir T. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, *and* ANTONIO.

SEB. I would not, by my will, have troubl'd you;
But, ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

ANT. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
More ſharp than filed ſteel, did ſpur me forth:
And not all love to ſee you, (though ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)
But jealouſy what might befal your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in these parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

SEB. My kind *Antonio*,
I can no other anſwer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are ſhuffl'd off with ſuch uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go ſee the reliques of this town?

ANT. To-morrow, ſir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

SEB. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatiſfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,

That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these ſtreets:
Once, in a ſea-fight, 'gainſt the count his gallies,
I did ſome ſervice; of ſuch note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have ſince been anſwer'd, in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's ſake,
Moſt of our city did: only myſelf ſtood out:
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, ſir, here's † my purſe:
In the ſouth ſuburbs, at the elephant,
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
While you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have desire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, ſir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the elephant:

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV. Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Maria,

OLI. I have ſent after him: He ſays, he'll come;
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than beg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud. —
Where is *Malvolio?* — he is ſad, and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes; —
Where is *Malvolio?*

MAR. He's coming, madam;
But in very ſtrange manner: he is, ſure, poſſeſt, madam.

OLI. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

MAR. No, madam,
He does nothing but ſmile: your ladyſhip were beſt
To have ſome guard about you, if he come,
For, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.

OLI. Go, call him hither. — I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be. —

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, *Malvolio?*

MAL. Sweet lady, — [*ſmiles fantaſtically.*

OLI. Smil'ſt thou?
I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

MAL. Sad, lady? I could be ſad: This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood, this croſs-gartering; But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet has it, *Please one, and please all.* [with thee?

OLI. Why, how doſt thou, man? what is the matter

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know the ſweet *Roman* hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio?* [daws.

Mal. At your requeſt? Yes; Nightingales anſwer

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatneſs:* 'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some atchieve greatneſs,*—

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. *And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.*

Oli. Heaven reſtore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. *And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd.*

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo;*—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.*

Oli. Why, this is very midſummer madneſs.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count *Orſino*'s is return'd; I could hardly intreat him back; he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Ser.] Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my couſin *Toby*? Let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* Olivia, *and* Maria.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come near me now? no worſe man than ſir *Toby* to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: ſhe ſends him on purpose, that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. *Caſt thy humble ſlough*, ſays ſhe: *be opposite with a kinsman, ſurly with ſervants; let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate, put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity:* and, conſequently, ſets down the manner how; as, a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome ſir of note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her: but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful. And, when ſhe went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance,—What can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, *with Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir T. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and *Legion* himſelf poſſeſſ'd him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, ſir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir *Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

7 tang with ar-

Mal. Ah, ha, does ſhe ſo?

Sir T. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we muſt deal gently with him; let me alone. — How do you, *Malvolio?* how is't with you? What, man; defy the devil: conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, an you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O lord!

Sir T. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way; Do you not ſee, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir T. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir T. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man; 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with *Satan:* Hang him foul collier?

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good ſir *Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go, hang yourſelves all! you are idle ſhallow things: I am not of your element; you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit* Malvolio.

Sir T. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir T. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now; leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir T. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleaſure, and his penance, 'till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: But ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir A. Here's the † challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſaucy?

Sir A. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir T. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow:*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir T. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir T. Thou com'ſt to the lady Olivia, *and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly: but thou ly'ſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſeleſs.

Sir T. I will way-lay thee going home: where if it be thy chance to kill me, —

Fab. Good.

Sir T. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy ſide of the law: Good.

Sir T. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our ſouls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend, as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy,

Andrew Ague-cheek.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll giv't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't; he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir T. Go, ſir *Andrew*; ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: ſo ſoon as ever thou ſee'ſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly: for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir A. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Sir T. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding, his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clod-

[1] and to ex-

pole. But, ſir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity: This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA, *and* VIOLA.

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir T. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

OLI. I have ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And lay'd mine honour too unchary out:
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a headſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIO. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

OLI. Here, wear this † jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, ſav'd, may upon aſking give?

VIO. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

OLI. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

VIO. I will acquit you.

OLI. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my ſoul to hell.

[*Exit* OLIVIA.

† on't 20 greefes

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir T. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, ſir.

Sir T. That defenſe thou haſt, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, ſir, I am ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir T. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, ſir, what is he?

Sir T. He is knight, dub'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepúlcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and desire ſome conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taſte their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir T. Sir, no; his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much

18 unhatch'd

ſafety you might anſwer him: therefore, on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is an uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir T. I will do ſo.—Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incenſ'd againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, ſir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of *Illyria:* Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with ſir prieſt, than ſir knight; I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle.

Re enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir T. Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not ſeen ſuch a virago. I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard, and all, and he gives me the ſtuck-in, with ſuch a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on: They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir A. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

5 office, as to 29 hits

Sir T. Ay, but he will not now be pacify'd; *Fabian* can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir A. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey *Capilet.*

Sir T. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good ſhew on't; this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls: — "Marry, I'll ride your horſe, as well as I ride" "you. — I have his horſe [*to* Fab.] to take up the quar-" "rel; I have perſuaded him, the youth's a devil."

Fab. "He is as horribly conceited of him; and" "pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels."

Sir T. There's no remedy, ſir, [*to* Vio.] he will fight with you for's oath's ſake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the ſupportance of his vow; he proteſts, he will not hurt you.

Vio. "Pray God defend me! A little thing would" "make me tell them how much I lack of a man."

Fab, Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir T. Come, ſir *Andrew,* there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's ſake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir A. Pray God, he keeps his oath! [*draws.*

Vio. I do aſſure you, [*to Sir* And.] 'tis againſt my will. [*draws.*

Enter Antonio; *draws, and runs between.*

Ant. Put up your ſword: — If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir T. You, ſir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, ſir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir T. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O, good ſir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.

Sir T. I'll be with you anon. [*to* Antonio.

Vio. Pray, ſir, put your ſword up, if you please.

Sir A. Marry, will I, ſir: and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word; he will bear you easily, and reins well.

1. *O.* This is the man; do thy office.

2. *O.* *Antonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit
Of count *Orſino*.

Ant. You do miſtake me, ſir.

1. *O.* No, ſir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no ſea-cap on your head: —
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. — This comes with ſeeking you:
But there's no remedy; I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? Now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myſelf. You ſtand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2. *O.* Come, ſir, away.

Ant. I muſt intreat of you
Some of that money back.

Vio. What money, ſir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething: my having is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, There's † half my coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? Do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. O heavens themſelves!
2. *O.* Come, ſir, I pray you, go. [here,
Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth, that you ſee
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love, —
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.
1. *O.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.
Ant. But, o, how vile an idol proves this god! —
Thou haſt, *Sebaſtian*, done good feature ſhame. —
In nature there's no blemiſh, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'er-flouriſh'd by the devil.
1. *O.* The man grows mad; away with him.
2. *O.* Come, come, ſir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* Ant.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I:
Prove true, imagination, o, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir T. Come hither, knight, come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws. [*converſe apart.*

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian:* I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love.
[*Exit* Viola.

Sir T. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his diſhoneſty appears, in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, aſk *Fabian.*

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.

Sir A. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir T. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.

Sir A. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir T. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Street before* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sebastian, *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not ſent [for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not ſent to you by my lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter *Ceſario*; nor this is not my nose neither: nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; Thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh *Greek*, depart from me; There's † money for thee; if you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand:—These wiſe men, that give fools money, get themſelves a good report, after fourteen years purchaſe.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir A. Now, ſir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*ſtriking* Sebaſtian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and there: [*ſtriking him again.*

Are all the people mad?

Sir T. Hold, ſir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit* Clown.

Sir T. Come on, ſir; hold. [*holding* Sebaſtian.

Sir A. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to

work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in *Illyria:* though I ſtrook him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir T. Come, ſir, I will not let you go. Come, my young ſoldier, put up your iron: you are well fleſh'd; come on. [now?

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou [*wrenches from him, and draws.*

If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

Sir T. What, what? Nay, then I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*draws too.*

Enter Olivia, *haſtily.*

Oli. Hold, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir T. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my ſight!—
Be not offended, dear *Cesario:*—
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe;
And hear thou there how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream:—
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in *Lethe* ſteep;

If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep! [by me!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dſt be rul'd

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria, *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this † gown, and † this beard; make him believe, thou art ſir *Topas* the curate; do it quickly: I'll call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.

[*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembl'd in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough, to be thought a good ſtudent: but to be ſaid, an honeſt man, and a good houſe-keeper, goes as fairly as to ſay, a graceful man, and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Re-enter Maria, *with ſir* Toby.

Sir T. Jove bleſs thee, Mr. parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, ſir *Toby:* for as the old hermit of *Prague*, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a niece of king *Gorboduc*, *That, that is, is*; ſo I, being Mr. parſon, am Mr. parſon; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir T. To him, ſir *Topas.*

Clo. What ho, I ſay, [*rapping at an inner Door.*] Peace in this priſon!

Sir T. "The knave counterfeits well; a good knave."

Mal. [*within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to viſit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

† A carefull

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*, good sir *Topas*, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexeſt thou this man? talkeſt thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir T. "Well ſaid, Mr. parſon."

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good ſir *Topas*, do not think I am mad; they have lay'd me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fie, thou diſhoneſt *Sathan!* I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himſelf with courteſy; Say'ſt thou, that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows tranſparent as barricadoes, and the clear ſtones toward the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, ſir *Topas*; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt: I ſay, there is no darkneſs, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzl'd, than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou ſtill in darkneſs: thou ſhalt hold the opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a wood-cock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*, —

Sir T. "My moſt exquiſite ſir *Topas!*"

Clo. "Nay, I am for all waters."

Mar. "Thou might'ſt have done this without thy" "beard, and gown; he ſees thee not."

Sir T. "To him in thine own voice, and bring me" "word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were well" "rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently de-" "liver'd, I would he were; for I am now ſo far in of-" "fence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any" "ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my" "chamber." [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *and* Maria.

Clo. [*ſings.*] *Hey*, Robin, *jolly* Robin,
tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. *Alas, why is ſhe ſo?*

Mal. Fool, I ſay; —

Clo. *She loves another* — Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio?*

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd:

I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you ſay; the miniſter is here.—*Malvolio, Malvolio,* thy wits the heavens reſtore! endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas,*—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, ſir? not I, ſir. God b'w'you, good ſir *Topas.*—Marry, amen.—I will, ſir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay,—

Clo. Alas, ſir, be patient. What ſay you, ſir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria.*

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, ſir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, ſome ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will ſet down to my lady; it ſhall advantage thee more, than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, 'till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree: I pry'thee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, ſir,* [*ſinging.*
and anon, ſir,
I'll be with you again,
in a trice,
like to the old vice,
your need to ſuſtain;
who with dagger of lath,
in his rage and his wrath,
cries, ah, ha! *to the devil,*
like a mad lad,
pare thy nails, dad,
adieu, goodman devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. This is the air; that is the glorious ſun;
This pearl † ſhe gave me, I do feel't, and ſee't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Antonio* then?
I could not find him at the elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice:
For though my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that perſuades me
To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,

Take, and give back, affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't,
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA, *and a Prieſt.*

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace: He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having ſworn truth, ever will be true. [ſo ſhine,

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, before Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Clown, *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee this letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian,* grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this † letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duk. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, ſir; we are ſome of her trappings.

Duk. I know thee well; How doſt thou, my good fellow.

Clo. Truly, ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duk. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, ſir, the worſe.

Duk. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, ſir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that, conclusions to be as kiſſes, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duk. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, ſir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duk. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me; there's ╪ gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, ſir, I would you could make it another.

Duk. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duk. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner, to be a double-dealer; there's ╪ another.

Clo. *Primo, ſecundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, ſir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of ſaint *Bennet*, ſir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duk. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to

ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, ſir, lullaby to your bounty, 'till I come again. I go, ſir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs: but, as you ſay, ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter ANTONIO, *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, ſir, that did reſcue me.

Duk. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd,
As black as *Vulcan*, in the ſmoke of war:
A baubling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1. *O.* *Orſino*, this is that *Antonio*,
That took the *Phœnix*, and her fraught, from *Candy*;
And this is he that did the *Tiger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſp'rate of ſhame, and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He ſhew'd me kindneſs, ſir; drew on my ſide;
But, in conclusion, put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Duk. Notable pyrate, thou ſalt-water thief,
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orſino*, noble ſir,

Be pleas'd that I ſhake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pyrate,
Though, I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingrateful boy there, by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him; and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication: for his ſake
Did I expose myſelf, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverſe town:
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duk. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and, for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia, *and Attendants.*

Duk. Here comes the counteſs; now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. — Take him aſide.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable? —

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam?
Duk. Gracious *Olivia*,—
Oli. What do you say, *Cesario?*—Good my lord,—
Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
It is as flat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after musick.
Duk. Still, still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duk. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st off'rings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do? [him.
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become
Duk. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the *Egyptian* thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love.
To spite a raven's heart within a dove, [*going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye. [*following.*

7 fat 13 have breath'd

Oli. Where goes *Ceſario?*
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife:
If I do feign, you witneſſes above,
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me deteſted! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? is it ſo long? —
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Duk. Come, away. [*to* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my lord? — *Cesario*, husband, ſtay.
Duk. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?
Duk. Her husband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art,
As great as that thou fear'ſt. — O, welcome, father!
Re-enter Attendant, with Prieſt.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou doſt know
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.
Pri. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by enterchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travel'd but two hours.

Duk. O thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzle on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do proteſt, —

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, though thou haſt too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew, *with his Head broke.*

Sir A. For the love of God, a ſurgeon; ſend one preſently to ſir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir A. H'as broke my head acroſs, and h'as given ſir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, ſir *Andrew?*

Sir A. The count's gentleman, one *Cesario:* we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duk. My gentleman, *Cesario?*

Sir A. Od's lifelings, here he is: — You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by ſir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir A. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes ſir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickl'd you othergates than he did.

Duk. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir T. That's all one; h'as hurt me, and there's the end on't. — Sot, did'ſt ſee *Dick* ſurgeon, ſot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, ſir *Toby*, an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'the morning.

Sir T. Then he's a rogue, and a paſt-measure paynim: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir A. I'll help you, ſir *Toby*, because we'll be dreſt together.

Sir T. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, *and ſome Attendants, with Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am ſorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs, with wit, and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon, me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but ſo late ago.

Duk. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A natural perſpective, that is, and is not.

Seb. *Antonio*, o my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

9 a paſſy meaſures panyn:

Ant. *Sebaſtian* are you?
Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, *Antonio?*
Ant. How have you made division of yourſelf?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twain
Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian?*
Oli. Moſt wonderful!
Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of *Meſſaline: Sebaſtian* was my father;
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too,
So went he ſuited to his watry tomb:
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola.*
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.
Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul!
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me, 'till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am *Viola:* which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lye my maids weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preſerv'd, to ſerve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been betweẽn this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, [*to* Oli.] you have been miſtook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duk. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck:
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thousand times,
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those ſayings will I over-ſwear;
And all those ſwearings keep as true in ſoul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That ſevers day from night.

Duk. Give me thy hand;
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maids garments: he, upon ſome action,
Is now in durance; at *Malvolio*'s ſuit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He ſhall inlarge him:—Fetch *Malvolio* hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a Letter.*

5 maiden weeds

A moſt extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his. —
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtave's end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to-day morning; but as a madman's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it ſkills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman. *By the Lord, madam,* —

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madneſs: an your ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *vox*.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madona; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*to* Fabian.

Fab. [*reads.*] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken couſin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your ladyſhip. I have your own letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.*

The madly us'd Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duk. This favours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.

[*Exit* Fabian.

My lord, ſo please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter as a wife,
One day ſhall crown the alliance on't, ſo please you,
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duk. Madam, I am moſt apt to embrace your offer.—
Your maſter quits you: [*to* Vio.] and, for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the mettle of your ſex,
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,
Here † is my hand; you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter? — you are ſhe.

Re-enter Fabian, *with* Malvolio.

Duk. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this ſame. —
How now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio?* no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that ‡ letter:
You muſt not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, not your invention:
You can ſay none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour;
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd, to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon ſir *Toby*, and the lighter people:

And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, visited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Though, I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And, now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds, and authors, of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf, and *Toby*,
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him: *Maria* writ
The letter, at ſir *Toby*'s great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffl'd thee!

Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve great-*

neſs, and ſome have greatneſs thrown upon them. — I was one, ſir, in this interlude, one ſir *Topas*, ſir; but that's all one: *By the Lord, fool, I am not mad:* — But do you remember, madam, *Why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? an you ſmile not, he's gag'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit* Malvolio.

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duk. Purſue him, and intreat him to a peace: —
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls: — Mean time, ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. — *Cesario*, come;
For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
with hey, ho, the wind, and the rain,
a fooliſh thing was but a toy,
for the rain it raineth every day.

2.

But when I came to man's eſtate,
with hey, ho, &c.
'gainſt knaves, and thieves, men ſhut their gate,
for the rain, &c.

3.

But when I came, alas, to wive,

with hey, ho, &c.
by ſwaggering could I never thrive,
for the rain, &c.

4.

But when I came unto my beds,
with hey, ho, &c.
with toſs-pots ſtill had drunken heads,
for the rain, &c.

5.

A great while ago the world begun,
with hey, ho, &c.
but that's all one, our play is done,
and we'll ſtrive to please you every day.

The

WINTER'S

TALE.

Perſons represented.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia:
Mamillius, *a young Boy, his Son.*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Dion, *and*
Cleomenes, } *Lords:*
two other Lords; Gentlemen and Attendants upon the King, four; three other Gentlemen; a Mariner, Prison-keeper, and Officer of a Court of Juſtice, Sicilians.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia:
Florizel, *his Son.*
Archidamus, *a Nobleman:*
Autolicus, *a Rogue:*
an old Shepherd; Clown, his Son; Servant of the Shepherd's, Bohemians.
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes:
Perdita, *their Daughter.*
Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*
Emilia, *and two other Ladies,* } *attending the Queen.*
Mopſa, *and* Dorcas, *country Wenches.*

Lords, Ladies, and divers other Attendants; Satyrs in a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, &c.

Scene, diſperſ'd; in Sicilia, *and* Bohemia.

The WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia.

An Anti-room in Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, *and* CAMILLO.

Arc. If you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the king of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arc. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtify'd in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. Beſeech you,—

Arc. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay. We will give you ſleepy drinks; that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arc. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia.* They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot choose but branch now: Since their more mature dignities, and royal neceſſities, made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attorney'd, with enterchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies: that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt ſea; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arc. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young prince *Mamillius*; it is a gentleman of the greateſt promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to ſee him a man.

Arc. Would they elſe be content to dye?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe, why they ſhould desire to live.

Arc. If the king had no ſon, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room of State in the ſame. Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and young* MAMILLIUS; CAMILLO, *and Attendants, following.*

POL. Nine changes of the watry ſtar have been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thouſands more
That go before it.

LEO. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our abſence; there may blow
Some ſneaping winds at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too tardily: Beſides,
I have ſtay'd to tire your royalty.

LEO. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer ſtay.

LEO. One ſev'n-night longer.

POL. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

LEO. We'll part the time between's then; and in that I'll no gain-ſaying.

POL. Preſs me not ſo, 'beſeech you:
There is no tongue that moves; none, none i'the world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now, were there

6 hath been 19 that may blow | No ſneaping
21 too truly: 30 °beſeech you) ſo:

Neceſſity in your requeſt, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, ſir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to ſtay. You, ſir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are ſure,
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this ſatiſfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs. —
Yet of your royal preſence [*to* Pol.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my lord, I'll give you my commiſſion,
To let him there a month, behind the giſt
Prefix'd for his parting: — yet, good deed, *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord. — You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, *Sir, no going.* Verily,

21 give him my

You ſhall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs easy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her. Not your jailer then,
But your kind hoſteſs. Come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twin'd lambs, that did friſk i'the ſun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; th' imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript ſince.

Pol. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſſ'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; leſt you ſay,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences, we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſin'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you ſlip'd not
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, my lord.
Leo. "At my requeſt, he would not."—
Hermione, my dear'ſt, thou never ſpok'ſt
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What, have I twice ſaid well? when was't before;
I pr'ythee, tell me? Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one ſoft kiſs a thousand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But, to the goal:
My laſt good deed was, to entreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you;—O, would her name were *Grace!*—
But, once before I ſpoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leo. Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had ſour'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have ſpoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for ſome while a friend. [*giving her Hand to* Pol.

Leo. "Too hot, too hot:" [*obſerving them.*
"To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods."
"I have *tremor cordis* on me: my heart dances;"
"But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment"
"May a free face put on; derive a liberty"
"From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile bosom,"
"And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:"
"But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,"
"As now they are; and making practiſ'd ſmiles,"
"As in a looking-glaſs; and then to ſigh, as 'twere"
"The mort o'the deer; o, that is entertainment,"
"My bosom likes not, nor my brows."—*Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock. What, haſt ſmutch'd thy nose?—
They ſay, it is a copy out of mine.—
Come, captain, [*pulling the Boy to him, and wiping him.*
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—"Still virginalling"
"Upon his palm?"—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I
To be full like me:—yet, they ſay, we are [have,
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing: But were they falſe
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay, this boy were like me.—Come, ſir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: Sweet villain!
Moſt dear'ſt! my collop!—Can thy dam? may't be?
Affection, thy intention ſtabs to the center:
Thou doſt make poſſible things not ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams,—How can this be?—
With what's unreal; thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething; and thou doſt;
[And that beyond commiſſion, and I find it;]
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hard'ning of my brows.

Pol. What means *Sicilia?*

Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettl'd.

Pol. Now, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?

Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earneſt, no.—
"How ſometimes nature will betray it's folly,"
"It's tenderneſs; and make itſelf a paſtime"
"To harder bosoms!"—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years; and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,

22 *Pol.* How? my Lord? | *Leo.* What

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzl'd,
Leſt it ſhould bite it's maſter, and ſo prove,
As ornament oft does, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman:—Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight. [brother,
Leo. You will? why, happy man be his dole!—My
Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, ſir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtatesman, all:
He makes a *July*'s day ſhort as *December*;
And, with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leo. So ſtands this ſquire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps.—*Hermione*,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would ſeek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents diſpose you:—"you'll be"
"Be you beneath the ſky: I am angling now," [found,"
"Though you perceive me not how I give line."
"Go to, go to!" [*eying them, as they go out.*
"How ſhe holds up the neb, the bill to him!"
"And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife"

"To her allowing husband! Gone already;" [one."—
"Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd"
[*Exeunt* Queen, POLIXENES, *and Attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play:—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now; [been,
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in his abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will: ſhould all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Physick for't, there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know't;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?
MAM. I am like you, they ſay.
LEO. Why, that's ſome comfort.—
What, is *Camillo* there?
CAM. Ay, my good lord.
LEO. Go, play, *Mamillius*; thou'rt an honeſt man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great ſir will yet ſtay longer.
CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Did'ſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions; made
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Did'ſt perceive it?—
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding,
Sicilia *is a ſo-forth:* 'Tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt.—How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's, be't: good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?—
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meſſes,
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind: ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatiſfy your highneſs, and the entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo. Satiſfy
The entreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatiſfy?
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the neareſt things to my heart, as well
My chamber councils: wherein, prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt: or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: Or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant, grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent: or elſe a fool;
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: these, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my treſpaſs
By it's own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you ſeen, *Camillo*,
(But that's paſt doubt: you have; or your eye-glaſs

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man that does not think't)
My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt, confeſs;
Or elſe be impudently negative
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought: Then ſay,
My wife's a hoby-horſe; deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and juſtify't.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, though true.

Leo. Is whiſp'ring nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh; a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty? horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift;
Hours, minutes; the noon, midnight; and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say, it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leo. It is; you lye, you lye:
I ſay, thou ly'ſt, *Camillo*, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave;
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leo. Why, he, that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck, *Bohemia:* Who,—if I
Had ſervants true about me; that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form,
Have bench'd and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heaven ſees earth, and earth ſees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no raſh potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable,— [thee.
Leo. Make that thy queſtion, and go rot! I have lov'd
Doſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettl'd,
To appoint myſelf in this vexation? ſully

12 like her Medull 30 v. *Note.*

The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets, —
Which to preserve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps? Dr would I
Give ſcandal to the blood o'the prince my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?

Cam. I muſt believe you, ſir;
I do; and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your queen, as yours at firſt;
Even for your ſon's ſake; and, thereby, for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt advise me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me.
[*Exit* Leontes.

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good *Polixenes*: and my ground to do't

Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now!
Here comes *Bohemia.*

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?—
Good day, *Camillo.*

Cam. Hail, moſt royal ſir.

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me; and
So leaves me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord. [not

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts:
For, to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo,*
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,

28 v. *Note.*

Which ſhews me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs,
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe: and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk:
I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo. *Camillo*, —
As you are, certain, gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle, — I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd; imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well!
I muſt be anſwer'd. — Doſt thou hear, *Camillo*;
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be even as ſwiftly follow'd, as

11 certainly a Gen-

I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry, *loſt*, and ſo good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo.*

Cam. I am appointed, ſir, to murther you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,—
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my beſt blood turn
To an infected gelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhun'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or, counſel, ſhake,
The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you

4 appointed him to

Shall bear along impawn'd, — away to-night.
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will, by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine: My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſſ'd to him, why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend! Heaven comfort
The gracious queen! part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion. Come, *Camillo*;
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the poſterns: Please your highneſs
To take the urgent hour: come, ſir, away. [*Exeunt.*

---

24 friend, and comfort

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter HERMIONE, *and* Ladies, MAMILLIUS *with them.*

HER. Take the boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1. *L.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

1. *L.* Why, my ſweet lord?

MAM. You'll kiſs me hard; and ſpeak to me,
As if I were a baby ſtill: — I love
You better.

2. *L.* And why ſo, my lord?

MAM. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; — yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemi-circle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2. *L.* Who taught you this?

MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1. *L.* Blue, my lord.

MAM. Nay, that's a mock; I have ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1. *L.* Hark ye;
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince,
One of theſe days; and then you'd wanton with us,

If we would have you.

2. *L.* She is ſpred of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her! [now

Her. What wisdom ſtirs among'ſt you?—Come, ſir,
I am for you again: 'Pray you, ſit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter:
I have one of ſprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good ſir:
Come on,—ſit down,—come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it ſoftly,
Yon' crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes; *with* Antigonus, Lords, *and Others.*

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?

1. *L.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcour ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.

Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for leſſer knowledge! how accurſt,
In being ſo bleſt?—There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present

The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent hefts: I have drunk, and ſeen the ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander: —
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted: — that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick,
For them to play at will: — How came the poſterns
So easily open'd?

1. *L.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well. —
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? ſport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him: — and let her ſport herſelf
[*ſome bear off* Mamillius.
With that ſhe's big with; for 'tis *Polixenes*,
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not,
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, *She is a goodly lady*, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:

Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high ſpeech) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use;—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will ſear
Virtue itſelf:—these ſhrugs, these hums, and haes,
When you have ſaid, ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay, ſhe's honeſt: But be't known,
From him that has moſt cause to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid, with whom:
More, ſhe's a traitor; and *Camillo* is
A Federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my lord,

You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No; if I do miſtake
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. — Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar-off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns:
I muſt be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. — Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd † here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'Beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualify'd as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, measure me; — And ſo
The king's will be perform'd. [*to the Guard.*

Leo. Shall I be heard? [*ſeeing them delay.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? — 'beſeech your [highneſs,
My women may be with me; for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord:
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall. — My women, come; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt* Queen, *and her* Ladies.

1. *L.* Beſeech your highneſs, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, ſir; leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your queen, your ſon.

1. *L.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, ſir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is ſpotleſs
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my ſtable-ſtand where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and ſee her, no farther truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh, is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

1. *L.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: Be ſhe honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.

Leo. Ceaſe; no more.
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do ſee't, and feel't;
As you feel doing † thus, and ſee withal

10 ſtables where

The inſtruments that feel.

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What, lack I credit?

1. *L.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counſels; but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this: which if you (or ſtupify'd;
Or ſeeming ſo, in ſkill) cannot, or will not,
Reliſh as truth, like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo*'s flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture;
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation
But only ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made up to the deed) doth puſh on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,

(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s temple,
Cleomenes, and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuft ſufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose ſpiritual counſel had
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

1. *L.* Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am ſatiſfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to the minds of others; ſuch as † he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to ſpeak in publick: for this buſineſs
Will raise us all.

Ant. "To laughter, as I take it,"
"If the good truth were known." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Outer-Room of a Priſon.*

Enter Paulina, *attended.*

Pau. The keeper of the priſon, call to him; [*to an Att.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon?—Now, good ſir,

Enter Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Kee. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,

Conduct me to the queen.

Kee. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have expreſs commandment.

Pau. Here's ado,
To lock up honeſty and honour from
The acceſs of gentle visitors! — Is't lawful,
Pray you, to ſee her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Kee. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray you now,
Call her: — Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt Att.*

Kee. And, madam, I muſt
Be present at your conference. [ado,

Pau. Well, be't ſo, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Kee.] Here is ſuch
To make no ſtain a ſtain, as paſſes colouring. —

Re-enter Keeper, *with* Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emi. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath born greater)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emi. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; ſays, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be ſworn: —
These dangerous unſafe lunes i'the king! beſhrew them!
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt; I'll take't upon me:

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my beſt obedience to the queen;
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'ſt: We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'the child;
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emi. Moſt worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodneſs, is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: 'Please your ladyſhip
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your moſt noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Pau. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from't
As boldneſs from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emi. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come ſomething nearer.

Kee. Madam, if't please the queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incurr, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Pau. You need not fear it, ſir:
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and proceſs of great nature, thence

Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the queen.

Kee. I do believe it.

Pau. Do not you fear; upon
Mine honour, I will ſtand 'twixt you and danger.

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*
ANTIGONUS, *and Lords, waiting, and other Attendants.* *Enter* LEONTES.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; meer weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being; part o'the cauſe,
She, the adultreſs; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but ſhe
I can hook to me: Say, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1. *A.* My lord? [*advancing.*

Leo. How does the boy?

1. *A.* He took good reſt to-night; and it is hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd upon't, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd.—Leave me ſolely: go,
See how he fares.—[*Exit* Att.] Fie, fie! no thought of him;
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;

6 ſtand betwixt

In his parties, his alliance, — Let him be,
Until a time may ſerve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

Lor. You muſt not enter.

PAU. Nay, rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul;
More free, than he is jealous.

ANT. "That's enough."

2. *A.* Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded,
None ſhould come at him.

PAU. Not ſo hot, good ſir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you, —
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings, — ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honeſt as either; to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.

LEO. What noiſe there, ho?

PAU. No noiſe, my lord; but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.

LEO. How! —
Away with that audacious lady: — *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.

ANT. I told her ſo, my lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril, and on mine,

[1] v. *Note*.

She ſhould not visit you.

Leo. What, can'ſt not rule her?

Pau. From all diſhoneſty, he can: in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. La' you now; you hear!
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run;
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Pau. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beſeech you, hear me; who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your physician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor; yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours:—I ſay, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen! [queen;

Pau. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I ſay, good
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, firſt, I'll do my errand.—The good queen
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here † 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.

Leo. Out!
A mánkind witch!—Hence with her, out o'door:—
A moſt intelligencing bawd!

Pau. Not ſo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In ſo intitling me: and no leſs honeſt

†† profeſſes

Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.

Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard:—
Thou, dotard,—that art woman-tyr'd, unrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* here,—take up the baſtard;
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy croan.

Pau. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Pau. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A neſt of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf: for he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, this babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will not
(For, as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or ſtone, was ſound.

Leo. A callat,
Of boundleſs tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of *Polixenes:*
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Pau. It is yours;

5 thou art 20 his Babes

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. — Behold, my lords,
Although the † print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead; nay, the vallies,
The pretty dimples, of his chin, and cheek;
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger: —
And, thou, good goddeſs nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A groſs hag! —
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire;
Not ſhe, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this moſt cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,

5 Valley, 6 v. *Note.*

Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Pau. I pray you, do not puſh me; I'll be gone.—
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit!—What need these hands?
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo:—Farewel; we are gone. [*Exit* Paulina.
Leo. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony) or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, ſir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1. *L.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leo. You're lyars all.
1. *L.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you; and beſeech,
So to eſteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices,
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt

Lead on to ſome foul iſſue: We all kneel.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But, be it; let it live.
It ſhall not neither:—You, ſir, come you hither;
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious,
With lady *Margery*, your midwife, there,
To ſave this baſtard's life,—for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this † beard's grey,—what will you adventure,
To ſave this brat's life.

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible: Swear by this † ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark, and perform it, (ſee'ſt thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence; and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and desart place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it's own protection,
And favour of the climate: As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,—
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,

Where chance may nurſe, or end it: Take it up.
Ant. I ſwear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful. — Come † on, poor babe:
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites, and ravens,
To be thy nurſes! wolves, and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require! — and bleſſing,
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs! [*Exit, with the Child.*
Leo. No, I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.
2. *A.* 'Please your highneſs, poſts,
From those you ſent to the oracle, are come
An hour ſince: *Cleomenes*, and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to the court.
1. *L.* So please you, ſir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.
Leo. Twenty three days
They have been abſent: 'Tis good ſpeed; foretells,
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal lady: for, as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Street in ſome Town.*
Enter CLEOMENES, *and* DION.

Cle. The climate's delicate; the air moſt ſweet;
Fertile the ſoil; the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.
Dio. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice!
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly,
It was i'the offering!
Cle. But, of all, the burſt
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.
Dio. If the event o'the journey
Prove as ſucceſſful to the queen,—O, be't ſo!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The uſe is worth the time on't.
Cle. Great *Apollo*
Turn all to the beſt! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the buſineſs: When the oracle
(Thus † by *Apollo*'s great divine ſeal'd up)
Shall the contents diſcover, ſomething rare,
Even then, will ruſh to knowledge.—Go, freſh horſes;—
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Court of Juſtice:*

5 the Iſle, 20 time is worth the uſe 26 v. *Note.*

At the upper End, a Throne; Lords, *on either Hand, Judges, and other Officers, ſeated*; *People attending. Enter* LEONTES, *and Train of Lords, to his Throne.*

Leo. This ſeſſion (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice; which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation. —
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highneſs' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in perſon here in court.

Enter HERMIONE, *to the Bar*: PAULINA, *and Ladies, with her*; *Officers preceding.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Cri. Silence!

Off. [*reads.*] Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly lay'd open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other

But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me,
To ſay, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,
Being counted falſhood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, — If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, beſt know,
(Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſt, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators: For behold me, —
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, — here ſtanding,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, ſir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo: Since he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent have
I ſtrain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted

9 Whom leaſt 25 I | Have

Leſs impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.
Her. 'That's true enough;
Though 'tis a ſaying, ſir, not due to me.
Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than miſtreſs of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So, and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſts; though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his abſence.
Her. Sir, you ſpeak a language that I underſtand not:
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth:

To deny, concerns, more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whose easieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright we with, I ſeek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My ſecond joy,
And firſt-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Star'd moſt unluckily, is from my breaſt,
The innocent milk in it's moſt innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murther: Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet, with immodeſt hatred;
The child-bed priviledge deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion; laſtly, hurry'd
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to dye? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;—No life;
I prize it not a ſtraw: but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmizes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

[1] Which to

1. *L.* This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt:—therefore, bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

HER. The emperor of *Ruſſia* was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES, *and* DION, *bringing in the Oracle.*

Off. You here ſhall ſwear upon this † ſword of juſtice,
That you, *Cleomenes* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*; and from thence have brought
This † ſeal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s prieſt; and that, ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

CLE. DIO. All this we ſwear.

LEO. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Off. [*reads.*] Hermione *is chaſt*, Polixenes *blameleſs*, Camillo *a true ſubject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king ſhall live without an heir, if that, which is loſt, be not found.*

Lor. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo!*

HER. Praised!

LEO. Haſt thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even ſo
As it is here ſet down.

LEO. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The ſeſſions ſhall proceed; this is meer falſhood.

Enter a Gentleman, *haſtily.*

Gen. My lord the king, the king!

Leo. What is the buſineſs?

Gen. O, ſir, I ſhall be hated to report it:
The prince your ſon, with meer conceit and fear
Of the queen's ſpeed, is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

Gen. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo*'s angry; and the heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice.—[Her. *faints.*] How now there?

Pau. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.—
[Her. *is born off*; Pau. *and Ladies follow her.*
I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:—
'Beſeech you, tenderly, apply to her
Some remedies for life.—*Apollo*, pardon
My great prophaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*;
New-woo my queen; recall the good *Camillo*,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the miniſter, to poison
My friend *Polixenes:* which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardy'd
My ſwift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he gliſters
Through my dark ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA, *haſtily.*

Pau. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1. *L.* What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What ſtudy'd torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying, rather? boiling
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture
Muſt I receive; whose every word deserves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealouſies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine) o, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; ſtark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhew thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poison'd good *Camillo*'s honour,
To have him kill a king; poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting-forth to crows thy baby daughter
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly lay'd to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart,

That could conceive, a groſs and fooliſh fire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Lay'd to thy anſwer: But the laſt,—O, lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The ſweet'ſt, dear'ſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

1. *L.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I ſay, ſhe's dead; I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the gods.—But, o, thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair: a thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bitt'reſt.

1. *L.* Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'the boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Paul. I am ſorry for't;
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather

Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal ſir, forgive a fooliſh woman:
The love I bore your queen, —Lo, fool again! —
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too: take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou did'ſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better,
Than to be pity'd of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and ſon:
One grave ſhall be for both; upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual: Once a day, I'll viſit
The chapel where they lye; and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation: ſo long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these my ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Bohemia. *Desarts upon the Sea.*
Enter Antigonus, *with the Child*; *and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The desarts of *Bohemia?*

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done! —Go, get aboard,
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before

I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart,
To be ſo rid o'the buſineſs. [*Exit* Mariner.

Ant. Come, poor babe: —
I have heard, (but not believ'd) the ſp'rits o'the dead
May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature, —
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome' another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd, and ſo becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts: the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus, —
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, —
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife Paulina *more:* and ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,

I did in time collect myſelf; and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of king *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be lay'd,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of it's right father. — Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
There † lye; and there † thy character: there † theſe;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And ſtill reſt thine. — The ſtorm begins: — Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow! — Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. — Farewel! —
The day frowns more and more; thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heavens ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour?
Well may I get aboard! This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſu'd by a Bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

She. I would, there were no age between thirteen and three and twenty; or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the auncientry, ſtealing, fighting. Hark you now! Would any but these boil'd brains, of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcar'd away two of my beſt ſheep; which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find, than the maſter: if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will!

23 betweene ten and

what have we here? Mercy on's! a barne; a very pretty barne: A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, ſome ſcape: though I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind door work: they were warmer, that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry 'till my ſon come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

She. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea, and by land;—but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea, for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

She. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore! but that's not to the point: O, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes, to ſee 'em; and then, not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her mainmaſt; and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land-ſervice,—To ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid, his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman: But to make an end of the ſhip;—To ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it: but, firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and

the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea or the weather.

She. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

She. 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

She. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing cloth for a ſquire's child: Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's ſee;—It was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies: this is ſome changling:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

She. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with't, keep it cloſe; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecreſy.—Let my ſheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him leſt,

I'll bury it.

She. That's a good deed: If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'th' ground.

She. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

I, —that please ſome, try all; both joy, and terror,
of good, and bad; that make, and unfold, error,—
now take upon me, in the name of time,
to use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
to me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
o'er ſixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
to o'er-throw law, and in one ſelf-born hour
to plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom: Let me paſs
the ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
or what is now receiv'd: I witneſſ'd to
the times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
to the freſheſt things now reigning; and make ſtale
the gliſt'ring of this present, as my tale
now ſeems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
as you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving
the effects of his fond jealouſies; ſo grieving,
that he ſhuts up himſelf; Imagine me,

25 makes, and unfolds 24 witneſſe to

gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
in fair *Bohemia*; and remember well,
I mention'd a ſon o'the king's, which *Florizel*
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
to ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
equal with wond'ring: what of her enſues,
I liſt not propheſy; but let time's news
be known, when 'tis brought forth: a ſhepherd's daughter,
and what to her adheres, which follows after,
is the argument of time: Of this allow,
if ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now;
if never yet, that time himſelf doth ſay,
he wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

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Enter Polixenes, *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſs, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is ſixteen years, ſince I ſaw my country: though I have, for the moſt part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent king, my maſter, hath ſent for me: to whose feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'er-ween to think ſo; which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute

21 is fifteene

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21 is fifteene

them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done: which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee, ſpeak no more: whose very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loſs of his moſt precious queen, and children, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the prince *Florizel*, my ſon? kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious; than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, ſince I ſaw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, miſſingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is leſs frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſidered ſo much, *Camillo*; and with ſome care; ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice which look upon his removedneſs: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that, from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, ſir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; and, I fear, the angle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou

ſhalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my ſon's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

POL. My beſt *Camillo!* We muſt diſguise ourſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Fields near the Shepherd's.*

Enter AUTOLICUS, *ſinging.*

AUT. When daffodils begin to peer,—
with, heigh, the doxy over the dale,—
why, then comes in the ſweet o'the year;
for the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,—
with, heigh, the ſweet birds, o, how they ſing,—
doth ſet my progging tooth on edge;
for a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,—
with, heigh, with, heigh, the thruſh and the jay,—
are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
while we lye tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerv'd prince *Florizel*, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of ſervice:

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?

[21] *pugging*

the pale moon ſhines by night:
and, when I wander here and there,
I then do moſt go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
and bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
then my account I well may give,
and in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linnen. My father nam'd me, *Autolicus*; who being (as I am) litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſider'd trifles: With dye, and drab, I purchaſ'd this † capariſon; and my revenue is the ſilly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee: Every 'leven weather tods; every tod yields pound and odd ſhilling: fifteen hundred ſhorn;—What comes the wool to?

Aut. "If the ſprindge hold, the cock's mine."

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me ſee; What am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt? *Three pound of ſugar*; [reading out of a Note.] *five pound of currans*; *rice*—What will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſe-gays for the ſhearers: three-man ſong-men all, and very good ones; but they are moſt of them means, and baſes; but one puritan amongſt

them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have *ſaffron*, to colour the warden-pies; *mace*; *dates*, —none; that's out of my note; *nutmegs*, *ſeven*; *a raſe*, *or two*, *of ginger*; —but that I may beg; —*four pound of pruins*, *and as many of raiſins o'the ſun.*

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*groveling on the Ground.*

Clo. I'the name of me, —

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul; thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, ſir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man; a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd, ſir, and beaten; my money, and apparel, ta'en from me, and these deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet ſir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good ſir, tenderly, o!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O, good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I fear, ſir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear ſir; [*picks his Pocket.*] good ſir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir; no, I beſeech you, ſir: I have a kinsman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that rob'd you?

Aut. A fellow, ſir, that I have known to go about with trol-madames: I knew him once a ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good ſir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipt out of the court: they cheriſh it, to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, ſir. I know this man well: he hath been ſince an ape-bearer; then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailif; then he compaſſ'd a motion of the prodigal ſon, and marry'd a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettl'd only in rogue: ſome call him, *Autolicus.*

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, ſir; he, ſir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, ſir, I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd ſir; no, ſweet ſir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I muſt go buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing.

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet ſir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unrol'd, and my name put in the book of virtue! [*ſings.*

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
and merrily hend the ſtile-a:
a merry heart goes all the day,
your ſad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in the Shepherd's Houſe.*
Enter FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs; but *Flora*,
Peering in *April*'s front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extreams, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up: But that our feaſts

16 *hent* 23 Do's give

In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom; I ſhould bluſh,
To ſee you ſo attired; ſwoon, I think,
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: O the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The ſternneſs of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them: *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now: Their tranſformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way ſo chaſt: ſince my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. o but, dear ſir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by the power o'the king:
One of these two muſt be neceſſities,

Which then will ſpeak; that you muſt change this pur-
Or I my life. [poſe,

Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feaſt: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle ſuch thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

Flo. See, your gueſts approach:
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, *with* Polixenes *and* Camillo, *diſguis'd*; Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *and other Company.*

She. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame, and ſervant: welcom'd all; ſerv'd all:
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table; now, i'the middle;
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, ſhe took to quench it,
She would to each one ſip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you, bid

These unknown friends to us, welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes; and present yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'the feaſt: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Welcome, ſir!
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſs-ſhip o'the day:—You're welcome, ſir!—
Give me those † flowers there, *Dorcas.*—Reverend ſirs,
For you there's rose-mary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and ſavour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both;
And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fair'ſt flowers o'the ſeason
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call, nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren; and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which, in their pideneſs, ſhares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: ſo, o'er that art,

† ſir, welcome:

Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcyen to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature; change it rather: but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them, baſtards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth † ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi'the ſun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You're very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January* [friend,
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair'ſt
I would, I had ſome flowers o'the ſpring, that might
Become your time of day;—and yours,—and yours;—
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O, *Proſerpina*,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From *Dis*'s waggon! early daffodils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take

The winds of *March* with beauty; violets, dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath; pale primroses,
That dye unmarry'd, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength, a malady
Moſt incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lye and play on;
Not like a corſe: or if; not to be bury'd,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In whitſun' paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too: when you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'the ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo, my fair,
And own no other function: Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps ſo fairly through't,

Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:—
Your hand, my *Perdita:* ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll ſwear for them. [*Muſick. Dance forming.*
Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green ſord: nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf;
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out: Good ſooth, ſhe is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.
Dor. *Mopſa* muſt be your miſtreſs: marry, garlick,
To mend her kiſſing with.
Mop. Now, in good time! [ners.—
Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our man-
Come, ſtrike up, pipers. [*Dance.*
Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?
She. They call him, *Doricles*; he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth: He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to choose,

15 on't 25 *Doricles*, and boaſts

Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

She. So ſhe does any thing; though I report it,
That ſhould be ſilent: if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O, maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily ſet down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs, for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids; ſo without bawdry, which is ſtrange; with ſuch delicate burthens of, *dil-do*'s, and, *fa-dings*, *jump her and thump her*; and where ſome ſtretch mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talk'ſt of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours in the rain-bow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bo-*

Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns: why, he ſings 'em over, as they were gods, or goddeſſes: you would think, a ſmock were a ſhe-angel; he ſo chants to the ſleeve-band, and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Fore-warn him, that he use no ſcurrilous words in his tunes. [*Exit* Servant.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus, *like a Pedler.*

Aut. *Lawn, as white as driven ſnow;* [*ſings.*
cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
gloves, as ſweet as damaſk roses;
maſks for faces, and for noses;
bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
pérfume for a lady's chamber;
golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
for my lads to give their dears;
pins, and poking-ſticks of ſteel,
what maids lack from head to heel:
come, buy of me, come; come, buy; come, buy;
buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry:
come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthral'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt; but they come not too late now.

5 ſleeve-hand

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath pay'd you all he promis'd you: may be, he has pay'd you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle off these ſecrets; but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſp'ring: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And indeed, ſir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, ſir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome: I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's † one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs

Tale-porter; and five or ſix honeſt wives, that were preſent: Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another † ballad, Of a fiſh, that appear'd upon the coaſt, on we'nsday the fourſcore of *April*, forty thousand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, ſhe was a woman; and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices' hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This † is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man:* there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it; 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I muſt go;*
where, it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?* M. *O, whither?* D. *Whither?*

M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
thou to me thy ſecrets tell:
D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'ſt to the grange, or mill:*
D. *If to either, thou doſt ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'ſt? ſay, whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: My father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both;—Pedler, let's have the firſt choice:—Follow me, girls.

Aut. "And you ſhall pay well for 'em."

Will you buy any tape, [*ſings.*
or lace for your cape,
my dainty duck, my dear-a;
any ſilk, any thread,
any toys for your head,
of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
come to the pedler;
money's a medler,
that doth utter all mens' ware-a.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *and* Autolicus.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Maſter, there is three goat-herds, three ſhep-herds, three neat-herds, three ſwine-herds, that have made themſelves all men of hair; they call themſelves, ſaltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches

29 three Carters, three

ſay is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themſelves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

She. Away, we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already: —I know, ſir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refreſh us: 'pray, let's ſee these four three's of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, ſir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the ſquare.

She. Leave your prating; ſince these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at door, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter twelve Ruſticks, presenting Satyrs. Company ſeat themſelves. Dance, and Exeunt Ruſticks.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

[*riſing from beſide the Shepherd.*

"Is it not too far gone? —'Tis time to part them.—
"He's ſimple, and tells much."—How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

11 ſquire 31 make a care

Flo. Old ſir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as these are:
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are pack'd, and lock'd,
Up in my heart; which I have giv'n already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breath my life
Before this ancient ſir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth; or the fan'd ſnow,
That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:
But, to your proteſtation; let me hear
What you profeſs.
Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.
Pol. And this † my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
She. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well; no, nor mean better;

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
She. Take hands, a bargain; —
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witneſſes.
She. Come, your hand; —
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a while, beſeech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: But what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? Can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good ſir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong

Something unfilial: Reason, my ſon
Should choose himſelf a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for ſome other reasons, my grave ſir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he muſt not.

She. Let him, my ſon; he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:—
Mark our contráct. [*ſelf.*

Pol. Mark your divorce, young ſir, [*diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe,
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witch-craft; who, of force, muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'dſt with;

She. O, my heart! [made

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and
More homely than thy ſtate.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as never
I mean thou ſhalt) we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,

21 affects 30 ſhalt never ſee

Far as *Deucalion* off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. — Thou, churl, — for this time,
Though full of our diſpleasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchantment, —
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him † too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee, — if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit* POLIXENES.

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. — Wilt please you, ſir, be gone?
I told you, what would come of this: Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine, —
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dy'ſt.

She. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O, ſir,
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones: but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt. — O curſed wretch;
That knew'ſt this was the prince, and would'ſt adventure

† Farre than *Deu-* 9 Or hope

To mingle faith with him. — Undone! undone!
If I might dye within this hour, I have liv'd
To dye when I desire. [*Exit* Shepherd.

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afear'd; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, — which, I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him; — and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight as yet, I fear:
Then, 'till the fury of his highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo.*

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'the earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within! Lift up thy looks: —
From thy ſucceſſion wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desp'rate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, — I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most oppórtune to the need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, *Perdita*. — [*drawing her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

6 seas 16 to her needs

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'the love
That I have born your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick,
To ſpeak your deeds; not little of his care,
To have them recompenc'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think, I love the king;
And, through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and ſettl'd project
May ſuffer alteration) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs; where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no diſjunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forefend!) your ruin: Marry her;
And, with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontenting father I'll ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee, ſomething more than man;
And, after that, truſt to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do; ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves, to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight;—Make for *Sicilia*;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair princeſs,
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: aſks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'the father's perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faſter than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which ſhall point you forth, at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing

12 there Sonne 26 Sitting

Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain, as your anchors; who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love;
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek;
But not take-in the mind.

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not, at your father's houſe, these ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions; for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon, ſir, for this;
I'll bluſh you thanks.

Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*.
But, o, the thorns we ſtand upon!—*Camillo*,—
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The med'cine of our houſe,—how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s ſon;
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily*—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes

[19] She is i'th' reare 'our Birth

Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The ſcene, you play, were mine. For inſtance, ſir,—
That you may know, you ſhall not want,—one word.
[*they converſe apart.*

Enter AUTOLICUS.

AUT. Ha, ha! What a fool honeſty is? and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman. I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a riband, glaſs, pomander, broch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoo-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt; as if my trinkets had been hallow'd, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and, what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reasonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches' ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes, 'till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing, to geld a cod-piece of a purſe; I would have fil'd keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my ſir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in, with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the king's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

CAM. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

23 fill'd Keyes of

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king *Le-*
Cam. Shall ſatiſfy your father. [*ontes*,—
Per. Happy be you!
All, that you ſpeak, ſhews fair.
Cam. Who have we here?— [*ſeeing* Autolicus.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid. [ing."
Aut. "If they have overheard me now, why, hang-
Cam. How now, good fellow? Wherefore ſhak'ſt thou
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee. [ſo?
Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir.
Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill;
Here's no body will ſteal that from thee: Yet,
For the out-ſide of thy poverty, we muſt
Make an exchange: therefore, diſcaſe thee inſtantly,—
Thou muſt think, there's a neceſſity in't,—and change
Garments wi' this gentleman: Though the pennyworth,
On his ſide, be the worſt, yet, hold ‡ thee, there's ſome
boot. [enough."
Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir: "I know ye well
Cam. Nay, pr'ythee now, diſpatch; the gentleman
'S half flea'd already.
Aut. Are you in earneſt, ſir?—
"I ſmell the trick of it."
Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.
Aut. "Indeed, I have had earneſt; but I cannot"
"With conſcience take it."
Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
[Florizel *and* Autolicus *exchange Garments.*
Fortunate miſtreſs,—Let my propheſy
Come home to you!—you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert: take your ſweet-heart's hat,

9 Why ſhak'ſt

And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee, the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:—
[*giving it to* Perdita.
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, ſir. [*retiring.*

Flo. O, *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*talking with her aſide.*

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be, to tell the king
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall review *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!—
Thus we ſet on, *Camillo*, to the ſea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better.
[*Exeunt* Florizel, Perdita, *and* Camillo.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an

exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought not it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter Clown, *and* Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide; here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king ſhe's a changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

She. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

She. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the king; and, ſo, your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her: This being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

She. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the fartheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know not how much an ounce.

7 would not do't

Aut. "Very wisely; puppies!"

She. Well; let us to the king: there is that in this † farthel, will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. "I know not, what impediment this complaint" "may be to the flight of my maſter."

Clo. Pray heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. "Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo" "ſometimes by chance: Let me pocket up my pedler's † "excrement."—How now, ruſtiques? whither are you bound?

She. To th' palace, an it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, ſir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.

She. Are you a courtier, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'ſt thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, to toze from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pe; and one that will either puſh-on, or pluck-back, thy busi-

† inſinuate, at toaze

neſs there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

She. My buſineſs, ſir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

She. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. "Advocate's the court word for a pheasant;" "ſay, you have none."

She. None, ſir: I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſſed are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clo. "This cannot be but a great courtier."

She. "His garments are rich, but he wears them "not handſomely,"

Clo. "He ſeems to be the more noble, in being" "fantaſtical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by" "the picking on's teeth."

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

She. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this farthel, and box, which none muſt know but the king; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

She. Why, ſir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy, and air himſelf: For, if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the king is full of grief.

She. So 'tis ſaid, ſir; about his ſon, that ſhould have marry'd a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him

fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, ſir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer, what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay, he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, ſir, do you hear, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. He has a ſon: who ſhall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt; there ſtand, 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion: then, raw as he is, and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims, ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly raſcals; whose miseries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the king: being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his presence, whiſper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, beſides the king, to effect your ſuits, here is man ſhall do it.

Clo. "He ſeems to be of great authority: close" "with him, give him gold; and though authority be" "a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with" "gold: ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of" "his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ſton'd, and" "flay'd alive."

She. An't please you, ſir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here † is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promis'd?

She. Ay, ſir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety: — Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, ſir: but, though my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope, I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon: Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. "Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the" "king, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know," "'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are" "gone elſe." — Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn, 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walk before toward the ſea-ſide; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſſ'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſſ'd.

She. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Clown, *and* Shepherd.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, fortune

would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the prince my maſter good; Which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit* AUTOLICUS.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *A Room in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *Lords, and Others.*

CLE. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, pay'd down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs: At the laſt,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

LEO. Whilſt I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them; and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf: which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man

Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world;
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did ſo: but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady:
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Pau. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers, by his highneſs' fail of iſſue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former queen? This will:
What holier, than, — for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good, —
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purposes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* ſaid,

2 v. *Note.* 24 Queene is well?

Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king *Leontes* ſhall not have an heir,
'Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose againſt their wills.— Care not for iſſue;
The crown will find an heir: Great *Alexander*
Left his to the worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Thou good *Paulina*,—
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour,—o, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth.
No more ſuch wives; therefore, no wife: one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and, on this ſtage,
Where we offenders now appear, ſoul-vext
Begin, *And why to me?*

Pau. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cause.

Leo. She had; and would incenſe me
To murther her I marry'd.

Pau. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you, mark

26 And begin, 28 juſt ſuch cauſe

Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leo. Stars, very ſtars;
And all eyes elſe, dead coals!—fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, *Paulina.*

Pau. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, *Paulina*; ſo be bleſſ'd my ſpirit!

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.

Cle. You tempt him over-much.

Pau. Unleſs another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cle. Good madam,—

Pau. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, ſir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office,
To choose you a queen: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, 'till thou bid'ſt us.

Pau. That
Shall be, when your firſt queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. One that gives out himſelf prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his princeſs, (ſhe
The fair'ſt I have yet beheld) desires acceſs

To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs: his approach,
So out of circumſtance, and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gen. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?

Gen. Ay; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.

Pau. O *Hermione*,
As every present time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme: *She had not been*,
Nor was not to be equal'd,—thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you have ſeen a better.

Gen. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almoſt forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe; make proſelites
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Pau. How? not women?

Gen. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomenes*;

Yourſelf, aſſiſted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. — Still 'tis ſtrange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, *Lords, and* Gentleman.
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.

PAU. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEO. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of reason. — They are come. —
Re-enter Cleomenes, &c. *with*
FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA.
Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince;
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him; and ſpeak of ſomething, wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome; —
And your fair princeſs, Goddeſs! — O, alas,
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I loſt
(All mine own folly) the ſociety,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on.

FLO. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*; and from him

30 v. *Note.*

Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can ſend his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me ſay ſo) more than all the ſcepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. O my brother,
(Good gentleman) the wrongs, I have done thee, ſtir
Afreſh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs!—Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs
The adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from *Libia*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal ſir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſſ'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highneſs: My beſt train
I have from your *Sicilian* ſhores diſmiſſ'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in *Libia*, ſir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety

Here, where we happily are.

Leo. The bleſſed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; againſt whose perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſue-leſs; and your father's bleſſ'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lor. Moſt noble ſir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo nigh. Please you, great ſir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me:
Desires you to attach his ſon; who has
(His dignity and duty both caſt off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia?* ſpeak.

Lor. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I ſpeak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage. To your court
Whiles he was haſt'ning, (in the chace, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. *Camillo* has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honeſty, till now

Endur'd all weathers.

Lor. Lay't ſo, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo?*

Lor. *Camillo*, ſir; I ſpake with him; who now
Has these poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father! —
The heaven ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, ſir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt: —
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.

Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth, as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe, to change our loves. — 'Beſeech you, ſir,
Remember ſince you ow'd no more to time

Than I do now: with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
Is yet unanſwer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'er-thrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Before the Palace.*

Enter Autolicus, *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beſeech you, ſir, were you present at this relation?

1. *G.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1. *G.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration: they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes;

there was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd: A notable paſſion of wonder appeared in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if the importance were joy, or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that happily knows more: — The news, *Rogero?*

2. *G.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfil'd; the king's daughter is found: ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s ſteward, he can deliver you more. — How goes it now, ſir? this news (which is call'd true) is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpition: Has the king found his heir?

3. *G.* Moſt true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtances: that, which you hear, you'll ſwear, you ſee; there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen *Hermione*'s; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of *Antigonus*, found with it, which they know to be his character; the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two kings?

2. *G.* No.

3. *G.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be

ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; ſo, and in ſuch manner, that, it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himſelf for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then aſks *Bohemia* forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then, again, worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old ſhepherd; which ſtands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter; which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2. *G.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3. *G.* Like an old tale ſtill; which will have matter to rehearſe, though credit be aſleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon; who has not only his innocence (which ſeems much) to juſtify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1. *G.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *G.* Wreckt, the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death; and in the view of the ſhepherd: ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, o, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, was fought in *Paulina!* She had one eye declin'd, for the loſs of her husband; another elevated, that the oracle was ful-

13 Weather-bitten

ſil'd: She lifted the princeſs from the earth; and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1. *G.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3. *G.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fiſh) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to't, (bravely confeſſ'd, and lamented, by the king) how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter: 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an, *alas*, I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there, changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed: if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1. *G.* Are they return'd to the court?

3. *G.* No: The princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare *Italian* maſter, *Julio Romano*; who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly is he her ape: he ſo near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that, they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: — thither, with all greedineſs of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to ſup.

2. *G.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that remov'd

houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. *G.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remain'd undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd, *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

She. Come, boy; I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, ſir: You deny'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these cloths? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born: you were beſt ſay, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, ſir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time these four hours.

She. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princeſs, my ſiſter, call'd my father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

She. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay; or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, ſir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince my maſter.

She. Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

She. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

She. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll ſwear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it: and, I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, ſir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the queen's picture.—Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Chapel in* Paulina's *Houſe: at upper End, a Nich; a Curtain before it. Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, Florizel, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords*, &c.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, ſovereign ſir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my ſervices,
You have pay'd home: but that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to visit;
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our queen: your gallery
Have we paſſ'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.

Pau. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare

To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death: behold; and ſay, 'tis well.
[*undraws the Curtain*; HERMIONE *is ſeen behind it, in Poſture of a Statue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder: But yet ſpeak; firſt, you, my liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?

LEO. Her natural poſture! —
Chide me, dear ſtone; that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione:* or, rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender,
As infancy, and grace. — But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkl'd; nothing
So aged, as this ſeems.

POL. O, not by much.

PAU. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go-by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

LEO. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. O, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her!
I am aſham'd: Does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? — O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majeſty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee!

PER. And give me leave.
And do not ſay, 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing. — Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiſs.
Pau. O, patience;
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry. [*ſtaying* Perdita.
Cam. My lord, your ſorrow was too ſore lay'd on;
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow, ſir,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.
Pau. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.
Leo. Do not draw the curtain.
Pau. No longer ſhall you gaze on't; leſt your fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be.
'Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd! and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Maſterly done:
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
And we are mock'd with art.
Pau. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that

He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together;
No ſettl'd ſenſes of the world can match
The pleasure of that madneſs. Let't alone.

Pau. I am ſorry, ſir, I have thus far ſtir'd you: but I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Do, *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.

Pau. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Pau. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I proteſt againſt) I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her ſpeak, as move.

Pau. It is requir'd,

You do awake your faith: Then, all ſtand ſtill;
Or, those, that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.
Pau. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike. — [*Muſick.*
'Tis time; deſcend; be ſtone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel: Come;
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbneſs, for from him
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive, ſhe ſtirs:
[Hermione *comes from her Pedeſtal.*
Start not; her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful: do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor?
Leo. O, ſhe's warm!
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.
Pol. Ay, and make't manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtoln from the dead.
Pau. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while. —
Please you to interpoſe, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing: — Turn, good lady;

[2] On: those

Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the oracle
Gave hope, thou waſt in being,—have preſerv'd
Myſelf, to ſee the iſſue.

Pau. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they desire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, 'till I am loſt.

Leo. O, peace, *Paulina*;
Thou ſhould'ſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine;
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not ſeek far,
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honeſty,
Is richly noted; and here juſtify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What, look upon my brother? both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion.—This † your ſon-in-law,

And ſon unto the king; who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. _ Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence; where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd: Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

---

[a] whom

M A C B E T H.

Perſons represented.

Duncan, *King of* Scotland :
Malcolm, *and* Donalbain, } *his Sons :*
Macbeth, *his Couſin, and General of his Forces.*
Seyward, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces :*
young Seyward, *his Son.*
Macduff, Banquo, Lenox, Roſſe, Angus, Cathneſs, Menteth, *and another Lord,* } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Boy, Son to Macduff.
Seyton, *an Attendant upon* Macbeth.
an Engliſh *Doctor*; *a* Scottiſh *Doctor.*
a Soldier, a Porter, an old Man, four Attendants, two Meſſengers, and three Murtherers, Scotch.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman, attending Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three Witches :*
three Apparitions rais'd by them.

Other Witches, and Apparitions;
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, diſperſ'd; in ſeveral Parts of Scotland, *and once in* England.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Croſs-way.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. *W.* When ſhall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
2. *W.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's loſt and won:
3. *W.* That will be ere th' ſet of ſun.
1. *W.* Where the place?
2. *W.* Upon the heath:
3. *W.* There to meet with great Macbeth.
1. *W.* I come: — *Grimalkin!*
all. *Padocke* calls: — Anon. —
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

SCENE II. *A Camp, near* Foris.

Alarums. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, Donalbain, LENOX, *with Attendants*;

2 Lightning, or in

a Soldier *meeting them.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the ſerjeant,
Who like a good and hardy ſoldier fought
'Gainſt my captivity: — Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'ſt leave it.
Sol. Doubtful it ſtood;
As two ſpent ſwimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their art. The mercileſs *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glaſſes* is ſupply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel ſmiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
For brave *Macbeth*, (well he deſerves that name)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſht ſteel,
Which ſmok'd with bloody execution,
(Like valour's minion) carved out his paſſage,
'Till he had fac'd the ſlave:
And ne'er ſhook hands, nor bad farewel to him,
'Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to the chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!
Sol. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break;
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort wells. Mark, king of *Scotland*, mark:
No ſooner juſtice had, with valour arm'd,

17 Quarry 24 Which nev'r 29 breaking 31 Diſcomfort ſwells.

Compell'd these ſkipping *Kernes* to truſt their heels;
But the *Norweyan* lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſht arms, and new ſupplies of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
Dun. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, brave *Macbeth* and *Banquo?*
Sol. Yes;
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubl'd ſtrokes on the foe:
Except they meant to bath in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: —
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They ſmack of honour both: — Go, get him ſurgeons.
[*Exeunt Some with the* Soldier.
But who comes here?
Enter Rosse, *and* Angus.
Mal. The worthy thane of *Roſſe*. [he look,
Len. What haſte looks through his eyes! So ſhould
That ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.
Ros. God ſave the king!
Dun. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy thane?
Ros. From *Fife*, great king;
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout the ſky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway, himſelf with numbers terrible,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The thane of *Cawdor*, began a dismal conflict:
'Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof,

29 terrible numbers

Confronted him with ſelf compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: And to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happineſs! [tion:

Ros. Now *Sweno*, *Norway*'s king, craves compoſi-
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he diſburſed, at ſaint *Colme*'s hill,
Ten thouſand dollars to our general uſe.

Dun. No more that thane of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our bosom intereſt: — Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Ros. I'll ſee it done.

Dun. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *W.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2. *W.* Killing ſwine.

3. *W.* Siſter, where thou?

1. *W.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap, [quoth I:
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht; *Give me, Aroint thee, witch*, the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter o'the tiger:
But in a ſive I'll thither ſail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. *W.* I'll give thee a wind.

1. *W.* Thou'rt kind.

3. *W.* And I another.

1. *W.* I myſelf have all the other;

[6] That now *Sweno*, the Norwayes

And the very points they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I'the ſhip-man's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep ſhall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid:
Weary ſev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.

2. *W.* Shew me, ſhew me.

1. *W.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreckt, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3. *W.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

all. The weird ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace, the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH, *and* BANQUO, *journeying*; *Soldiers, and Others, at a Diſtance,*

Mac[b]. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris?* — What are these,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? — Live you? or are you ought
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying

[1] Ports [2] to Soris?

Upon her ſkinny lips: You ſhould be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Mac^b. Speak, if you can; What are you?

1. *W*. All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, thane of *Glamis!*

2. *W*. All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, thane of *Cawdor!*

3. *W*. All-hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good ſir, why do you ſtart; and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not:
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *W*. Hail!

2. *W*. Hail!

3. *W*. Hail!

1. *W*. Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. *W*. Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3. *W*. Thou ſhalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all-hail, *Macbeth*, and *Banquo!*

1. 2. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Mac^b. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more:
By *Sinel*'s death, I know, I am thane of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor?* the thane of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſperous gentleman: and, to be king,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence

You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vaniſh'd?

Mac^b. Into the air; and what ſeem'd corporal, melted,
As breath into the wind. 'Would they had ſtay'd!

Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten o' the inſane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Mac^b. Your children ſhall be kings.

Ban. You ſhall be king.

Mac^b. And thane of *Cawdor* too; Went it not ſo?

Ban. To the ſelf-ſame tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse, *and* Angus.

Ros. The king hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs: and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the reſt o'the ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout *Norweyan* ranks;
Nothing afeard of what thyſelf did'ſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came poſt on poſt; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.

26 as Tale | Can poſt with poſt

Ros. And, for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee thane of *Cawdor:*
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. "What, can the devil ſpeak true?" [me

Mac^{b}. The thane of *Cawdor* lives; Why do you dreſs
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confeſſ'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Mac^{b}. "*Glamis*, and thane of *Cawdor:*"
"The greateſt is behind."—Thanks for your pains.—
"Do you not hope your children ſhall be kings,"
"When thoſe, that gave the thane of *Cawdor* to me,"
"Promis'd no leſs to them?"

Ban. "That, truſted home,"
"Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,"
"Beſides the thane of *Cawdor*. But 'tis ſtrange:"
"And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,"
"The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths;"
"Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us"
"In deepeſt conſequence."—Cousins, a word, I pray you.
[*talks with* Roſſe *and* Angus *apart.*

Mac^{b}. "Two truths are told,"
"As happy prologues to the ſwelling act"
"Of the imperial theme."—I thank you, gentlemen.—
"This ſupernatural ſolliciting"

11 with thoſe of Norway

"Cannot be ill; cannot be good: If ill,"
"Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,"
"Commencing in a truth? I am thane of *Cawdor:*"
"If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion"
"Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,"
"And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs,"
"Againſt the uſe of nature? Present fears"
"Are leſs than horrible imaginings:"
"My thought, whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,"
"Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that function"
"Is ſmother'd in ſurmise; and nothing is,"
"But what is not."

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt. [crown me"

Mac^b. "If chance will have me king, why, chance may
"Without my ſtir."

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our ſtrange garments; cleave not to their mold,
But with the aid of uſe.

Mac^b. "Come, what come may:"
"Time and the hour runs through the rougheſt day."

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Mac^b. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſter'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.—
"Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,"
"The interim having weigh'd it, let us ſpeak"
"Our free hearts each to other."

Ban. "Very gladly."

Mac$_b$. "'Till then, enough."—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Foris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, Donalbain, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

DUN. Is execution done on *Cawdor?* Are not
Thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

MAL. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him dye: who did report,
That very frankly he confeſſ'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your highneſs' pardon; and ſet forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd
As one that had been ſtudy'd in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

DUN. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt. — O worthieſt couſin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, Roſſe, Angus, *and Others.*

The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine: only I have left to ſay,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MAC^b. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties

Are to your throne and ſtate, children, and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſs deſerv'd, nor muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolm*; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of *Cumberland*: which honour muſt
Not, unaccompany'd, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deservers.—From hence to *Inverneſs*,
And bind us further to you.
Mac^{b}. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy *Cawdor!*
Mac^{b}. "The prince of *Cumberland!* that is a ſtep,"
"On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap,"
"For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires,"
"Let not light ſee my black and deep desires:"
"The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,"

"Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee."

[*Exit* MACBETH.

Dun. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full ſo valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Inverneſs. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading.*

L. M[b]. * * * * * * * * *They met me in the day of ſucceſs: and I have learn'd by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the king, who all-hail'd me, thane of* Cawdor; *by which title before theſe weird ſiſters ſaluted me, and refer'd me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that ſhalt be. *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my deareſt partner of greatneſs; that thou mighteſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*; and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way: Thou would'ſt be great,
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it: what thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily; would'ſt not play falſe, [*mis,*
And yet would'ſt wrongly win: thoud'ſt have, great *Gla-*
That which cries, *Thus thou muſt do, if thou have it*;

And that's what rather thou doſt fear to do,
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear;
And chaſtise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
Enter an Attendant.
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?
Att. The king comes here to-night.
L. M^b. Thou'rt mad to ſay it:
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Att. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.
L. M^b. Give him tending, [hoarſe,
He brings great news. [*Exit* Att.] The raven himſelf is
That croaks the fatal enterance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, all you ſpirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of hell!
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;

[1] And that which rather [27] and hit.

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!* — Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!*
Enter MACBETH.
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
Mac^b. My dear'ſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
L. M^b. And when goes hence?
Mac^b. To-morrow, as he purposes.
L. M^b. O, never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee.
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters: To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under it. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch;
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Mac^b. We will ſpeak further.
L. M^b. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame. Before the Caſtle.*
Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth *with Torches. Enter* DUNCAN, Malcolm, Donalbain, Macduff, BANQUO, Lenox, Roſs, Angus, *and Attendants.*
DUN. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air

Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſe.
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd manſionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting frieze,
Buttreſs, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed, and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, ſee, our honour'd hoſteſs!—
The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love: Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid god-ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
L. M^b. All our ſervice
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep, and broad, wherewith
Your majeſty loads our houſe: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.
Dun. Where's the thane of *Cawdor?*
We courſ'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.
L. M^b. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt;
To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,

2 ſences, 4 Barlet 6 Jutty 9 muſt

Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine hoſt; we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame. A Room in the Caſtle. Hautboys, Torches. Enter, and paſs over, a Sewer, and divers Servants, with Diſhes and Service; then Enter* Macbeth.

Mac^b. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the aſſaſſination
Could tramel up the conſequence, and catch,
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and ſhoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these caſes,
We ſtill have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed juſtice
Commends the ingredience of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinsman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murtherer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, againſt
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heaven's cherúbin, horſ'd

Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind. I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itſelf,
Enter Lady MACBETH.
And falls on the other —— How now! What news?
L. M^b. He has almoſt ſupt; Why have you left the [chamber?
MAC^b. Hath he aſk'd for me?
L. M^b. Know you not, he has?
MAC^b. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.
L. M^b. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſſ'd yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem;
Letting I-dare-not wait upon I-would,
Like the poor cat i'the adage?
MAC^b. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
L. M^b. What beaſt was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;

29 dares no more

And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves; and that their fitneſs now
Does unmake you. I have given ſuck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſht the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.

Mac^b. If we ſhould fail?

L. M^b. We fail·

But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receit of reason
A limbeck only; When in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lye, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon
His ſpungy officers; who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Mac^b. bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

L. M^b. Who dares receive it other,

As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Mac^b. I am ſettl'd, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Court within the Caſtle.*

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *Servant with a Torch before them.*

BAN. How goes the night, boy?
FLE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
BAN. And ſhe goes down at twelve.
FLE. I take't, 'tis later, ſir.
BAN. Hold, take my ſword:—There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out:—Take thee that † too.—
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful powers,
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my ſword;—

Enter MACBETH, *and Servant with a Torch.*

Who's there?
Mac^b. A friend.
BAN. What, ſir, not yet at reſt? The king's a-bed:
He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,
And ſent great largeſs to your officers:
This † diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſs; and's ſhut up
In measureleſs content.

29 ſent forth great Largeſſe to your Offices

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Ban. All's very well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weird ſiſters:
To you they have ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
We would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'ſt leiſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent, when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.
Ban. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſel'd.
Macb. Good repoſe, the while!
Ban. Thanks, ſir; The like to you!
[*Exeunt* Banquo, Fleance, *and Servant.*
Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not; and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a falſe creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this † which now I draw.

Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd ſleep: now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecat*'s offerings; and wither'd murther,
Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing ſtrides, towards his deſigh
Moves like a ghoſt. Thou ſure and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it. While I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*Bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

L. M^b. That which hath made them drunk, hath made [me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire: — Hark!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man, [—Peace;
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms

14 ſides 15 Thou ſowre and 16 which they may walke

Do mock their charge with ſnores: I have drug'd their
That death and nature do contend about them, [poſſets,
Whether they live, or dye.

Enter MACBETH.

Mac^b. Who's there? what, ho!

L. M^b. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: — Hark! — I lay'd their daggers ready,
He could not miſs them. Had he not resembl'd
My father as he ſlept, I had don't.—My husband? [noise?

Mac^b. I have done the deed: Didſt thou not hear a

L. M^b. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?

Mac^b. When?

L. M^b. Now.

Mac^b. As I deſcended?

L. M^b. Ay.

Mac^b. Hark! — Who lies i'the ſecond chamber?

L. M^b. *Donalbain.*

Mac^b. This is a ſorry ſight. [*looking on his Hands.*

L. M^b. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight. [*murther!*

Mac^b. There's one did laugh in his ſleep, and one cry'd,
That they did wake each other; I ſtood and heard them:
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſt them
Again to ſleep.

L. M^b. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac^b. One cry'd, *God bleſs us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had ſeen me, with these hangman's hands,
Liſt'ning their fear. I could not ſay, amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.

L. M^b. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Mac^b. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?

I had moſt need of bleſſing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
L. M^b. These deeds muſt not be thought on
After these ways; ſo, it will make us mad.
Mac^b. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth *does murther ſleep, the innocent ſleep;*
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd ſleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt; —
L. M^b. What do you mean?
Mac^b. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the houſe:
Glamis *hath murder'd Sleep; and therefore* Cawdor
Shall ſleep no more, Macbeth *ſhall ſleep no more.* [thane,
L. M^b. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things: Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there: Go, carry them; and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.
Mac^b. I'll go no more:
I am afraid, to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
L. M^b. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the † daggers: The ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Mac^b. Whence is that knocking!
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great *Neptune's* ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous ſeas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

L. M^{b}. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the ſouth entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your conſtancy [ing:
Hath left you unattended. [*Knock.*] Hark! more knock-
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers: Be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts. [myſelf.

Mac^{b}. To know my deed,—'Twere beſt not know
[*Knocking.*
Wake, *Duncan*, with this knocking: 'Would thou could'ſt!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter a Porter.

Por. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of *Belzebub?* Here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale; who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to hea-

18 with thy knocking

ven: o, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an *Engliſh* tailor come hither, for ſtealing out of a *French* hose: come in, tailor; here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell; I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primrose way to the everlaſting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*opens.*

Enter MACDUFF, *and* LENOX.

Mac^{d}. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lye ſo late?

Por. 'Faith, ſir, we were carowsing 'till the ſecond cock: and drink, ſir, is a great provoker of three things.

Mac^{d}. What three things does drink eſpecially provoke?

Por. Marry, ſir, nose-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, ſir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a ſleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Mac^{d}. I believe, drink gave thee the lie laſt night.

Por. That it did, ſir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

Mac^{d}. Is thy maſter ſtirring? —

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble ſir!

Mac^{b}. Good-morrow, both!

Mac^{d}. Is the king ſtirring, worthy thane?

Mac^{b}. Not yet.

Mac^{d}. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almoſt ſlipt the hour.

Mac^{b}. I'll bring you to him.

Mac^{d}. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.

Mac^{b}. The labour we delight in phyſicks pain. This is the door.

Mac^{d}. I'll make ſo bold to call,
For 'tis my limited ſervice. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Mac^{b}. He does: he did appoint ſo.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i'the air; ſtrange ſcreams of death;
And propheſying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combuſtions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time: The obſcure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: ſome ſay, the earth
Was feverous, and did ſhake.

Mac^{b}. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *haſtily.*

Mac^{d}. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Mac^{b}. *Len.* What's the matter?

Mac^{d}. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece!—
Moſt ſacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o'the building.
Mac^{b}. What is't you ſay? the life?
Len. Mean you his majeſty?
Mac^{d}. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon*: Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak yourſelves.—Awake, awake!—
[*Exeunt* Macbeth, *and* Lenox.
Ring the alarum bell: [*to ſome Servants, who are entering.*
—Murther, and treaſon!—
Banquo, and *Donalbain! Malcolm!* awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf! up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image! *Malcolm! Banquo!*
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*
Enter Lady Macbeth.
L. M^{b}. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak, ſpeak,—
Mac^{d}. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murther as it fell.—O *Banquo, Banquo,*
Enter Banquo, *and Others.*
Our royal maſter's murther'd!
L. M^{b}. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear *Duff*, I pr'ythee, contradict thyſelf,

And ſay, it is not ſo.

Re-enter MACBETH, *and* LENOX.

Mac[b]. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time; for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the meer lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM, *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiſs?

Mac[b]. You are, and do not know't:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.

Mac[d]. Your royal father's murther'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted,
As no man's life was to be truſted with them.

Mac[b]. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Mac[d]. Wherefore did you ſo?

Mac[b]. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauſer reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance: there, the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
L. M[b]. Help me hence, ho! [*ſeeming to faint.*
Mac[d]. Look to the lady. [*gather about her.*
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away.
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady.—[L. Macbeth *is carry'd out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in exposure, let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand; and, thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Mac[d]. And ſo do I.
all. So all.
Mac[b]. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'the hall together.
all. Well contented.
[*Exeunt* Mac[b]. Ban. Mac[d]. Len. &c.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does easy: I'll to *England*.
Don. To *Ireland*, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's ſmiles: the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murtherous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: There's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals itſelf, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Without the Caſtle.*

Enter Rosse, *and an* old Man.

o. m. Three-ſcore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifl'd former knowings.

Ros. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt, the heavens, as troubl'd with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?

o. m. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On tuesday laſt,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawkt at, and kill'd. [certain)

Ros. And *Duncan*'s horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange, and
Beauteous, and ſwift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

o. m. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

Ros. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,

37 Threatens 30 with Mankinde.

That look't upon't. Here comes the good *Macduff*:—
Enter MACDUFF.
How goes the world, ſir, now?
Macd. Why, ſee you not? [deed?
Ros. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.
Ros. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſuborn'd:
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the king's two ſons,
Are ſtoln away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.
Ros. 'Gainſt nature ſtill:
Thriftleſs ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis moſt like,
The ſovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to *Scone*,
To be inveſted.
Ros. Where is *Duncan*'s body?
Macd. Carry'd to *Colme-kill*;
The ſacred ſtore-houſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ros. Will you to *Scone?*
Macd. No, couſin, I'll to *Fife*.
Ros. Well, I will thither. [Adieu!—
Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there;—
Leſt our old robes ſit easier than our new. [*Exit.*
Ros. Farewel, father.
o. m. God's benison go with you, ſir; and with thoſe,
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

---

14 will raven

ACT III.

SCENE I. Foris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

BAN. Thou haſt it now, king, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But, huſh; no more.

Flouriſh. Enter MACBETH, *as King*; *Lady* MACBETH, *Queen*; Roſſe, Lenox, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

MAC^b. Here's our chief gueſt.

L. M^b. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.

MAC^b. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, ſir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.

BAN. Lay your highneſs
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.

MAC^b. Ride you this afternoon?

BAN. Ay, my good lord.

MAC^b. We ſhould have elſe desir'd your good advice

(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper: go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Mac^b. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Mac^b. We hear, our bloody cousins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we ſhall have cause of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hye to horſe: Adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Mac^b. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel.— [*Exit* Banquo.
Let every man be maſter of his time
'Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
'Till ſupper-time alone: while then, God be with you.—
[*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, &c.
Sirrah, a word with you; Attend those men our pleasure?

Att. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Mac^b. Bring them before us. [*Exit* Att.] To be thus, is
But, to be ſafely thus:—Our fears in *Banquo* [nothing;
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,

15 Hye you to

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by *Cæsar*. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bad them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For *Banquo*'s issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of *Banquo* kings:
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance. — Who's there? —
Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murtherers.
Now go to the door, and stay there till we call. —
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Mac^{b}. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been,
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with you;
How you were born in hand; how crost; the instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things elſe, that might,
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *M.* You made it known to us.

Mac[b]. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you ſo goſpel'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *M.* We are men, my liege.

Mac[b]. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Shocks, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it:
And I will put that buſineſs in your bosoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2. *M.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incenſ'd, that I am reckleſs what

32 Hath ſo

I do, to ſpite the world.
1. *M.* And I another,
So weary'd with diſaſters, tug'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Mac^b. Both of you
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.
Mur. True, my lord.
Mac^b. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love;
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye,
For ſundry weighty reasons.
2. *M.* We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1. *M.* Though our lives — [at moſt,
Mac^b. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. Within this hour,
I will advise you where to plant yourſelves;
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o'the time,
The moment on't; for 't muſt be done to-night,
And ſomething from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearneſs: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate

3 wearie with

Of that dark hour: Resolve yourſelves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Mac^b. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
[*Exeunt* Murtherers.

It is concluded: — *Banquo*, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heaven, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Another Room.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and an* Attendant.

L. M^b. Is *Banquo* gone from court?

Att. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

L. M^b. Say to the king, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.

Att. Madam, I will. [*Exit* Attendant.

L. M^b. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than, by deſtruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making?
Using thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Mac^b. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things diſjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That ſhake us nightly: Better be with the dead,

26 ſcorch'd

Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lye
In reſtleſs ecſtaſy. *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treason has done his worſt: nor ſteel, nor poison,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

L. M^b. Come on; Gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your gueſts to-night.

Mac^b. So ſhall I, love;
And ſo, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to *Banquo*; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: Unſafe the while, that we
Muſt lave our honours in these flattering ſtreams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Diſguising what they are.

L. M^b. You muſt leave this.

Mac^b. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, lives.

L. M^b. But in them nature's copy's not etern.

Mac^b. There's comfort yet, they are affailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight; ere, to black *Hecat*'s ſummons,
The ſhard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

L. M^b. What's to be done?

Mac^b. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, ſeeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvel'ſt at my words: but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Park: Gate leading to the Palace. Enter three* Murtherers.

1. *M.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3. *M. Macbeth.*

2. *M.* He needs not our miſtruſt; ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.

1. *M.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.

3. *M.* Hark! I hear horſes.

Ban. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2. *M.* 'Tis he; the reſt,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'the court.

1. *M.* His horſes go about.

3. *M.* Almoſt a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance;
Servant, with a Torch, before them.

2. *M.* "A light, a light!"
3. *M.* "'Tis he."
1. *M.* "Stand to't."
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1. *M.* Let it come down. [*aſſaulting him.*
Ban. O, treachery!—Fly, good *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'ſt revenge.—O ſlave!
[*dies.* Fleance, *and Servant, fly.*
3. *M.* Who did ſtrike out the light?
1. *M.* Was't not the way?
3. *M.* There's but one down; the ſon is fled.
2. *M.* We have loſt
Beſt half of our affair.
1. *M.* Well, let's away,
And ſay how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Hall of State in the Palace. A Banquet ſet out. Flouriſh. Enter* Macbeth, *Lady* Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Mac^b. You know your own degrees, ſit down: and firſt,
And laſt, the hearty welcome.
Lor. Thanks to your majeſty. [*they ſit.*
Mac^b. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt.
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate; but, in beſt time,
We will require her welcome.
L. M^b. Pronounce it for me, ſir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcome. [thanks.—
Mac^b. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
Both ſides are even: here I'll ſit i'the mid'ſt:
Enter firſt Murtherer, *to the Door.*
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

20 downe: | At firſt

The table round. — " There's blood upon thy face."
1. *M.* " 'Tis *Banquo's* then."
Mac^{b}. " 'Tis better thee without, than him within."
" Is he diſpatch'd?"
1. *M.* " My lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him."
Mac^{b}. " Thou art the beſt o'the cut-throats: Yet he's
" That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou did'ſt it," [good,"
" Thou art the non-pareil."
1. *M.* " Moſt royal ſir,"
" *Fleance* is ſcap'd." [perfect;"
Mac^{b}. " Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been
" Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;"
" As broad, and general, as the caſing air:"
" But now, I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in"
" To ſaucy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* ſafe?"
1. *M.* " Ay, my good lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,"
" With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;"
" The leaſt a death to nature."
Mac^{b}. Thanks for that:" —
" There the grown ſerpent lies; the worm, that's fled,"
" Hath nature that in time will venom breed," [row"
" No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone; to-mor-
" We'll hear thee ourſelves again." [*Exit* Murtherer.
L. M^{b}. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feaſt is ſold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making;
'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Mac^{b}. Sweet remembrancer! —
Now, good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

3 then he within

Len. May't please your highneſs ſit?

Ghoſt of Banquo *riſes, and ſits in* Macbeth's *Place.*

Mac^b. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* present:
Who may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance.

Ros. His abſence, ſir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Please't your highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?

Mac^b. The table's full. [*ſtarting.*

Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, ſir.

Mac^b. Where? [highneſs?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't, that moves your

Mac^b. Which of you have done this?

Lor. What, my good lord?

Mac^b. Thou can'ſt not ſay, I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.

Ros. Gentlemen, riſe; his highneſs is not well.

L. M^b. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep ſeat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not. — "Are you a man?"

Mac^b. "Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that"
"Which might appall the devil."

L. M^b. "O proper ſtuff!"
"This is the very painting of your fear:"
"This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you ſaid,"
"Led you to *Duncan*. O, theſe flaws, and ſtarts,"
"(Impoſtures of true fear) would well become"
"A woman's ſtory, at a winter's fire,"

31 Impoſtors to true

" Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!"
" Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done,"
" You look but on a ſtool." [ſay you?"—
Mac^b. " Pr'ythee, ſee there! behold! look! lo! how
" Why, what care I? If thou canſt nod, ſpeak too."—
" If charnel-houses, and our graves, muſt ſend"
" Those that we bury back, our monuments"
" Shall be the maws of kites." [*Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
L. M^b. " What, quite unman'd in folly?"
Mac^b. " If I ſtand here, I ſaw him."
L. M^b. " Fie, for ſhame!" [time,"
Mac^b. " Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'the olden
" Ere human ſtatute purg'd the general weal;"
" Ay, and ſince too, murthers have been perform'd"
" Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,"
" That, when the brains were out, the man would dye,"
" And there an end: but now, they rise again,"
" With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,"
" And puſh us from our ſtools: This is more ſtrange"
" Than ſuch a murther is."
L. M^b. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Mac^b. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my moſt worthy friends;
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll ſit down:—Give me ſome wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs;
(Would he were here!) to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lor. Our duties, and the pledge.

Ghoſt rises again.

Mac^b. Avant! and quit my ſight! let the earth hide
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold; [thee!
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in those eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.

L. M^b. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom: 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleasure of the time.

Mac^b. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the *Hircanian* tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit then, proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
[*Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, ſo; being gone,
I am a man again. — Pray you, ſit ſtill. [meeting,

L. M^b. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good
With moſt admir'd disorder.

Mac^b. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ros. What ſights, my lord? [worſe;

L. M^b. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,

11 Hircan 15 inhabit 27 (heekes,

But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health,
Attend his majeſty!

L. M^b. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt* Rosse, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Mac^b. It will have blood, they ſay; Blood will have
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak; [blood:
Augurs, that underſtood relations, have
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood. — What is the night?

L. M^b. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.

Mac^b. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding?

L. M^b. Did you ſend to him, ſir?

Mac^b. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a thane of them, but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weird ſiſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt: for mine own good,
All causes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcan'd.

L. M^b. You lack the ſeason of all natures, ſleep.

Mac^b. Come, we'll to ſleep: My ſtrange and ſelf abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. The Heath.

Thunder. Enter, from opposite Sides,

8 Augures, and underſtood 9 Maggot Pyes
16 a one of 18 (And betimes I will) to the 29 indeed

HECATE, *and the three* Witches.

1. *W.* Why, how now, *Hecat?* you look angerly.

HEC. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles, and affairs of death?
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a weyward ſon,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his deſtiny.
Your veſſels, and your ſpells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide:
I am for the air; this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raise ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion:
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:

22 diſmall, and a Fatall

And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy.
SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, Come away,* &c.
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me. [*Exit.*
1. *W.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Foris. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.

LEN. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely born: The gracious *Duncan*
Was pity'd of *Macbeth:* marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late;
(Whom you may ſay, if it please you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled) Men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſterous
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve *Macbeth!* Did he not ſtraight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I ſay,
He has born all things well: and I do think,
That, had he *Duncan*'s ſons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he ſhall not) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father; ſo ſhould *Fleance.*
But, peace; for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,

Macduff lives in diſgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lor. The ſon of *Duncan*,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the *Engliſh* court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward* with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect: Thither *Macduff*
Is gone; to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above,
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate the king, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff?*

Lor. He did: and, with an abſolute Sir,-not-I,
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what diſtance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come; that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,
Under a hand accurſt!

Lor. I'll ſend my prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

---

3 Sonnes 9 upon his 17 their King 18 attempt of Warre.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Cavern:*

A Cauldron, in the Middle, boiling.
Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *W.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2. *W.* Thrice, and once, the hedge-pig whin'd.
3. *W.* *Harper* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1. *W.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw. —
Toad, that under the cold ſtone
Days and nights haſt thirty one
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got,
Boil thou † firſt i'the charm'd pot.
all. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2. *W.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron † boil and bake:
Eye of † newt, and toe of † frog,
Wool of † bat, and tongue of † dog,
Adder's † fork, and blind-worm's † ſting,
Lizard's † leg, and owlet's † wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
all. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3. *W.* Scale of † dragon, tooth of † wolf,
Witches' † mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd ſalt-ſea † ſhark;
Root of † hemlock, dig'd i' the' dark;

14 has

Liver † of blaſpheming *Jew*;
Gall of † goat; and ſlips of † yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Nose of † *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s † lips;
Finger of † birth-ſtrangl'd babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and ſlab:
Add thereto a tyger's † chaudron,
For th' ingredience of our cauldron.
all. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2. *W.* Cool it with a baboon's † blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and other three Witches.*

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one ſhall ſhare i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in. [*Musick.*

SONG. Black ſpirits, &c.

2. *W.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes: —
Open, locks, Whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

all. A deed without a name.

Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you untye the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;

Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though caſtles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even 'till deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1. *W.* Speak.

2. *W.* Demand.

3. *W.* We'll anſwer.

1. *W.* Say, if thou'dſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters'?

Mac^{b}. Call them, let me ſee them.

1. *W.* Pour in † ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, † that's ſweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

all. Come, high, or low;
Thyſelf, and office, deftly ſhow.

Thunder. Apparition of an arm'd Head rises.

Mac^{b}. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1. *W.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

App. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth, beware *Macduff*;
Beware the thane of *Fife*.—Diſmiſs me: Enough. [*deſcends.*

Mac^{b}. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright: But one word more.

1. *W.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the firſt.

Thunder. Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth,—

Mac^{b}. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

5 Germaine,

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to ſcorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*. [*deſcends.*

Mac^{b}. Then live, *Macduff*; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate: thou ſhalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. Apparition of a Child crown'd, with a Tree in his Hand, riſes.

That riſes like the iſſue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?

all. Liſten, but ſpeak not.

App. Be lion-mettl'd, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunſinane* high hill
Shall come againſt him. [*deſcends.*

Mac^{b}. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? ſweet boadments! good!—
Rebellious head, rise never, 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* riſe, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal cuſtom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much) ſhall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

all. Seek to know no more.

Mac^{b}. I will be ſatiſfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you: let me know:—

18 high Dunſinane 23 dead

[*Thunder*; *and the Cauldron ſinks. Horrid Muſick.*
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
1. *W.* Shew. 2. *W.* Shew. 3. *W.* Shew.
all. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.
Eight Kings appear, and paſs over in Order; *the laſt, with a Glaſs in his Hand:* Banquo *following.*
Mac^b. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo*; down;
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls: — And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt: —
A third, is like the former: (Filthy hags,
Why do you ſhew me this?) — A fourth? — Start, eyes!
What, will the line ſtretch out to the crack of doom? —
Another yet? — A ſeventh? — I'll ſee no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry:
Horrible ſight! — Now, I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What, is this ſo?
1. *W.* Ay, ſir, all this is ſo: But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly? —
Come, ſiſters, cheer we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Muſick. The Witches dance, and vaniſh.*
Mac^b. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in the kalendar! —
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird ſiſters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all those that truſt them!—I did hear
The galloping of horſe: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England?*

Macb. Fled to *England?*

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unleſs the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought, and done:
The caſtle of *Macduff* I will ſurprize;
Seize upon *Fife*; give to the edge o'the ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting, like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more ſights.—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSSE.

L. Md. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ros. You muſt have patience, madam.

L. Md. He had none:

His flight was madneſs: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ros. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
L. M^d. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reason.
Ros. My deareſt coz',
I pray you, ſchool yourſelf: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'the ſeason. I dare not ſpeak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent ſea,
And move each way. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,
Bleſſing upon you!
L. M^d. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.
Ros. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Rosse.
L. M^d. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

[22] Each way, and move.

Son. As birds do, mother.
L. M^b. What, with worms, and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and ſo do they.
L. M^d. Poor bird! thou'dſt never fear the net, nor line,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why ſhould I, mother?
Poor birds they are not ſet for. But my father's
Not dead, for all your ſaying.
L. M^d. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do now for a father?
Son. Nay,
How will you do for a husband?
L. M^d. Why, I can buy me
Twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em
To ſell again.
L. M^d. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit;
And yet, i'faith, with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. M^d. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. M^d. Why, one that ſwears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?
L. M^d. Every one, that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.
Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lye?
L. M^d. Every one.
Son. Who muſt hang them?
L. M^d. Why, the honeſt men.
Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools: for there are liars and ſwearers enough, to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. M^d. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. M^d. Poor pratler, how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do leſs to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

L. M^d. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I have done no harm? — What are these faces?

Enter certain Murtherers.

1. *M.* Where is your husband?

L. M^d. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctify'd,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

1. *M.* He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

1. *M.* What, you egg? [*ſtabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother;

14 do worſe to

Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit* Lady MACDUFF, *crying Murther; Murtherers purſue her.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* Edward *the Confeſſor's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM, *and* MACDUFF.

MAL. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad bosoms empty.

Mac^{d}. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride our down-fall birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour.

MAL. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance.
This tyrant, whose ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but ſomething
You may discern of him through me: and wisdom,
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Mac^{d}. I am not treacherous.

MAL. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I ſhall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpose:
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.

Macd. I have loſt my hopes. [doubts.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
Why in that rawneſs left your wife, and children,
(Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love)
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties: you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is afeard!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our country ſinks beneath the yoak;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious *England*, have I offer
Of goodly thouſands: But, for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is myſelf I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That, when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*

Will ſeem as pure as ſnow; and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not, in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In ills, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaritious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of every ſin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better *Macbeth*,
Than ſuch a one to reign.

Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold; the time you may ſo hoodwink:
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vultur in you, to devour ſo many
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that, were I king,
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's houſe:

And my more-having would be as a ſauce,
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good, and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root,
Than ſummer-teeming luſt: and it hath been
The ſword of our ſlain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foizons to fill up your will,
Of your meer own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſéverance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no reliſh of them; but abound
In the division of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O, *Scotland, Scotland!*
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. — O nation miserable,
With an untitl'd tyrant bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſom days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And does blaſpheme his breed? — Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted king; the queen, that bore thee,

7 Summer-ſeeming

Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland*. — O my breaſt,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. *Macduff*, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Dev'liſh *Macbeth*,
By many of these trains, hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I lay'd upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forſworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe-ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf: What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Seyward*, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodneſs,
Be like our unwarranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

27 Already

Mal. Well, more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doc. Ay, ſir: there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his cure: their malady convinces
The great aſſay of art; but, at his touch,
(Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand)
They preſently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.
Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd, the evil:
A moſt miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, ſince my here-remain in *England*,
I have ſeen him do. How he ſollicits heaven,
Himſelf beſt knows: but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The meer deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us ſtrangers!
Ros. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Ros. Alas, poor country;
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf! It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where ſighs, and groans, and ſhrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern extaſy: the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the neweſt grief?
Ros. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ros. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ros. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace? [them.
Ros. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech; How goes't?
Ros. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witneſſ'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men;
An older and a better ſoldier, none

That *Chriſtendom* gives out.
Ros. 'Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cauſe? or is it a fee grief,
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Ros. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ros. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Ros. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murther'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words: the grief, that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ros. Wife, children, ſervants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?
Ros. I have ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. — All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay, all? — O hell-kite! — All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?
Mal. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me. — Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all ſtrook for thee: naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: Heaven reſt them now!
Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle heaven,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland*, and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him; if he 'ſcape,
Heaven, forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave: *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt*.

ACT V.

24 This time goes

SCENE I. Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*
Enter a Doctor *of Physick, and a Waiting*-Gentlewoman.

Doc. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gen. Since his majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doc. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. — In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her ſay?

Gen. That, ſir, which I will not report after her.

Doc. You may, to me; and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a Taper.*

Lo you, here ſhe comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, faſt aſleep: Observe her; ſtand cloſe.

Doc. How came ſhe by that light?

Gen. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doc. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gen. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doc. What is it ſhe does now? Look, how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gen. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhiug her hands; I have known her continue in this

28 ſenſe are ſhut

a quarter of an hour.

L. M^b. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doc. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks: I will ſet down what comes from her, [*taking out his Tables*] to ſatiſfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

L. M^b. Out, damned ſpot! out, I ſay!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a ſoldier, and afeard? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doc. Do you mark that?

L. M^b. The thane of *Fife* Had a wife; Where is ſhe now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this ſtarting.

Doc. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gen. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that; heaven knows what ſhe has known.

L. M^b. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand. O, o, o!

Doc. What a ſigh is there? The heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gen. I would not have ſuch a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well,—

Gen. Pray God, it be, ſir.

Doc. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have dy'd holily in their beds.

L. M^b. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown;

look not ſo pale: —I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s bury'd; he cannot come out of's grave.

Doc. Even ſo?

L. M^{b}. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone; to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady* MACBETH.

Doc. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gen. Directly.

Doc. Foul whiſp'rings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine, than the phyſician. —
God, God, forgive us all! — Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her: So, good night:
My mind ſhe has mated, and amaz'd my ſight:
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gen. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *Country near* Dunſinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers, marching.*

MEN. The *Engliſh* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*, His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortify'd man.

ANG. Near *Birnam* wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CAT. Who knows, if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

LEN. For certain, ſir, he is not: I have a file

Of all the gentry; there is *Seyward*'s ſon,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.
Men. What does the tyrant?
Cat. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies:
Some ſay, he's mad; others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murthers ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.
Men. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there.
Cat. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cin of the ſickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE III. Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*
Enter Macbeth; Doctor, *and Others, attending.*
Mac[b]. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:

'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd me,
Fear not, Macbeth; *no man, that's born of woman,*
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, falſe thanes,
And mingle with the *Engliſh* epicures:
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſag with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter an Attendant, *haſtily.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe look?

Att. There is ten thousand.

Mac[b]. Geeſe, villain?

Att. Soldiers, ſir.

Mac[b]. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! those linnen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, whey-face?

Att. The *Engliſh* force, ſo please you.

Mac[b]. Take thy face hence. — *Seyton!* — I am ſick at heart,
When I behold — *Seyton*, I ſay! — This puſh
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is faln into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not. —
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

[3] v. *Note.*

Ser. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Ser. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.—
Give me my armour.
Ser. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doc. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubl'd with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuft bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doc. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these *English* hence? Heard'st thou of them?

Doc. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.
Mac[b]. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* foreſt come to *Dunſinane*.
Doc. "Were I from *Dunſinane* away and clear,"
"Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Plains leading to* Dunſinane; *a Wood adjacent. Enter, with Drum and Colours,* MALCOLM; *old* SEYWARD, *and his Son*; MACDUFF, MENTETH, *and the other Thanes, and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.
Men. We doubt it nothing.
o. S. What wood is this before us?
Men. The wood of *Birnam*.
Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.
Sol. It ſhall be done.
o. S. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps ſtill in *Dunſinane*, and will endure
Our ſetting down before it.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be gone,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whose hearts are abſent too.
Mac[d]. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event, and put we on

[27] to be given,

Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.

o. S. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE V. Dunſinane. *A Plat-form within the Caſtle. Enter, with Drum and Colours,* MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Mac^b. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is ſtill, *They come:* Our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn: here let them lye,
'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*a Cry within, of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Mac^b. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouſe, and ſtir
As life were in't: I have ſupt full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me. — Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Mac^b. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word. —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to ſtudy death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing. —

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to use thy tongue; thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. Gracious my lord,
I ſhould report that which I'd ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, ſay it, ſir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*ſtriking him.*

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee: if thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much. —
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, 'till* Birnam *wood*
Do come to Dunſinane; and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane.* — Arm, arm, and out! —
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be aweary of the ſun,
And wiſh the eſtate o'the world were now undone. —
Ring the alarum bell: — Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt we'll dye with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame. Plain before the Caſtle.*
Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SEYWARD, MACDUFF, &c. *and Forces, with Boughs.*

MAL. Now, near enough; your leavy ſcreens throw
And ſhew like thoſe you are: — You, worthy uncle, [down,
Shall, with my couſin, your right-noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battle: worthy *Macduff*, and we,
Shall take upon us what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

o. S. Fare you well. —
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [breath,

MAC[d]. Make all our trumpets ſpeak, give them all
Thoſe clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame. Another Part of the Plain. Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Skirmiſhings.*
Enter MACBETH.

MAC[b]. They have ty'd me to a ſtake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe. — What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SEYWARD.

y. S. What is thy name?

MAC[b]. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

y. S. No; though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Mac^b. My name's *Macbeth*.

y. S. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Mac^b. No, nor more fearful.

y. S. Thou ly'ſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*fight*; *and young* Seyward *is ſlain.*

Mac^b. Thou waſt born of woman.—
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Mac^d. That way the noise is: Tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves; either thou, *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be;
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM, *and old* SEYWARD.

o. S. This way, my lord; the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.

o. S. Enter, ſir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Mac^b. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and dye

On mine own ſword? whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them:

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Mac^{d}. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Mac^{b}. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Mac^{d}. I have no words,
My voice is in my ſword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*fight.*

Mac^{b}. Thou loſeſt labour:
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Mac^{d}. Deſpair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ript.

Mac^{b}. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be theſe jugling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Mac^{d}. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhew and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole; and under-writ,
Here may you ſee the tyrant.

Mac^{b}. I will not yield,

To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt: Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield: lay on, *Macduff*;
And damn'd be him that firſt cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt fighting*

Retreat. *Flouriſh.*

Re-enter, with Drum and Colours,
MALCOLM, *and old* SEYWARD; *with* ROSSE,
the other Thanes, Soldiers, &c.

MAL. I would the friends, we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.
o. S. Some muſt go off: and yet, by these I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
MAL. *Macduff* is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Ros. Your ſon, my lord, has pay'd a ſoldier's debt:
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man;
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
o. S. Then he is dead? [ſorrow
Ros. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of
Muſt not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
o. S. Had he his hurts before?
Ros. Ay, on the front.
o. S. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
MAL. He's worth more ſorrow,

And that I'll ſpend for him.

o. S. He's worth no more;
They ſay, he parted well, and pay'd his ſcore:
And ſo, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* Macbeth's *Head.*

Mac^{d}. Hail, king! for ſo thou art: Behold, where ſtands
The uſurper's curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſſ'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, —
Hail, king of *Scotland!*

all. Hail, king of *Scotland!* [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you: My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time, —
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life; — This, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one;
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at *Scone.*

Flouriſh. [*Exeunt.*